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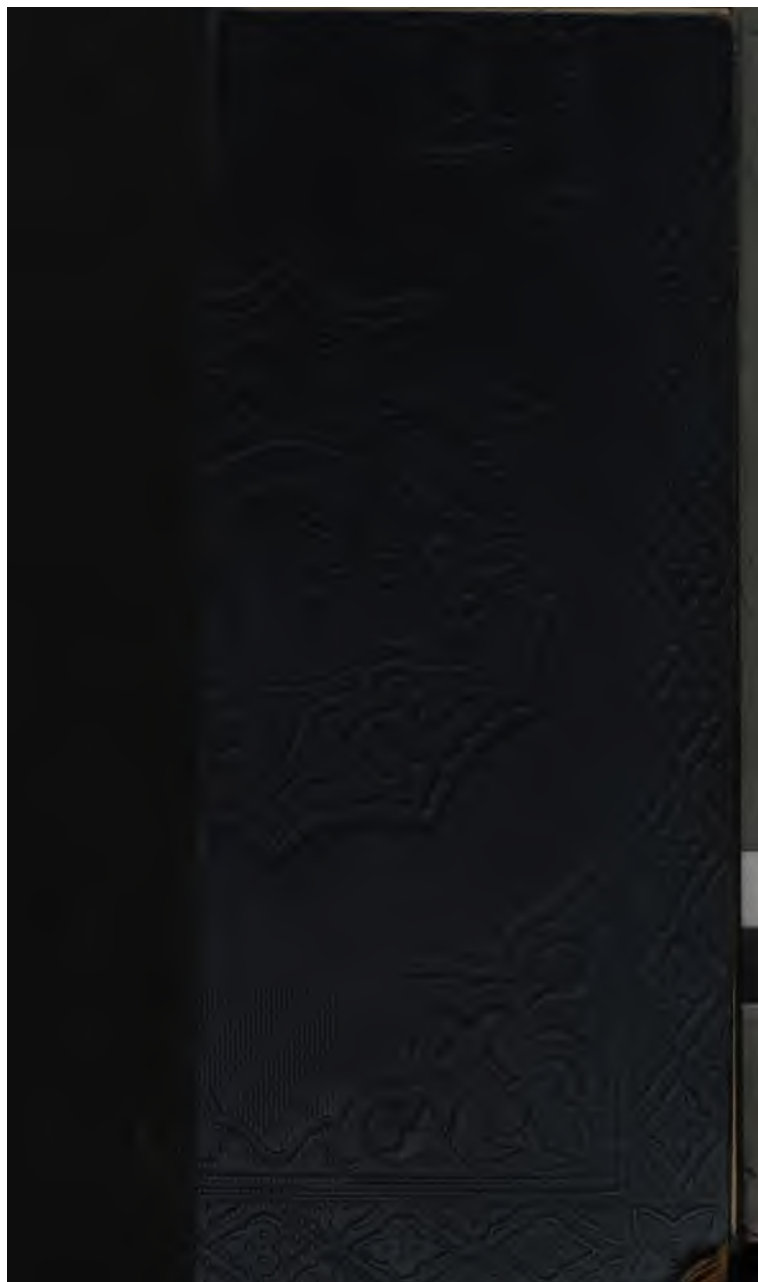
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## WINTER'S TALE.



*Leontes.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
My child? away with't!

ACT II. SC. 3.

---

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.





# Winter's Tale.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, by Robert Greene, which was first printed in 1588. The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus are of the poet's own creation; and many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

'A booke entitled *A Winter's Night's Pastime*,' entered at Stationer's Hall, in 1594, but which has not come down to us, may have suggested the title, by which Shakspeare thought the romantic and extraordinary incidents of the play well characterised: he several times in the course of the last act makes one of his characters remark its similarity to *an old tale*. Schlegel has observed that '*The Winter's Tale* is as appropriately named as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, and which, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, ending at last in general joy; and accordingly Shakspeare has here taken the greatest liberties with anachronisms and geographical errors: he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Julio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic Oracle, not to mention other incongruities.'

It is extraordinary that Pope should have thought only some single scenes of this play were from the hand of Shakspeare. It breathes his spirit throughout;—in the serious parts as well as in those of a lighter kind: and who but Shakspeare could have conceived that exquisite pastoral scene in which the loves of Florizel and Perdita are developed? It is indeed a pastoral of the golden age, and Perdita 'no Shepherdess, but Flora';

Peering in April's front,'

and breathing flowers, in the spring-tide of youth and beauty. How gracefully she distributes her emblematic favours! What language accompanies them! Well may Florizel exclaim:

‘————— when you speak, sweet,  
I’d have you do it ever!’

The reader reechoes the sentiment of the lover, and is sorry to come to the close. With what modest unconscious dignity are all her words and actions accompanied: even Polixenes, who looks on her with no favourable eye, says that there is

————— nothing she does or says  
But smacks of something greater than herself.’

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses, with whom she has been brought up, are such as ordinary life affords, and are judicious. Toils to this delightful couple of lovers.

The arch roguery and mirthful stratagems of Autolyous are very amusing, and his character admirably sustained. ‘The jealousy of Leontes (says the judicious Schlegel) is not, like that of Othello, developed with all the causes, symptoms, and gradations; it is brought forward at once, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece.’ But it has the same intemperate course, is the same soul-goading passion which wrings a noble nature to acts of revengeful cruelty; at which, under happier stars, it would have shuddered, and which are no sooner committed than repented of.

The patient and affecting resignation of the wronged Hermione under circumstances of the deepest anguish; and the zealous and courageous remonstrances of the faithful Paulina, have the stamp of Shakspeare upon them. Indeed I know not what parts of this drama could be attributed to any even of the most skilful of his contemporaries. It was perhaps the discrepancies of the plot (which in fact almost divides it into two plays with an interval of sixteen years between), and the anachronisms, which made Dryden\* and Pope overlook the beauties of execution in this enchanting play.

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\* Dryden, in the Essay at the end of the second part of the Conquest of Granada, speaking of the plays of Shakspeare and Fletcher, says:—‘Witness the lameness of their plots; many of which, especially those which they wrote first (for even that age refined itself in some measure), were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name Pericles, nor the orical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *Winter’s Tale*, *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, *Measure for Measure*,

Malone places the composition of the *Winter's Tale* in 1611, because it was first licensed for representation by Sir George Bucke, Master of the Revels, who did not assume the functions of his office until August 1610. The mention of the '*Puritan* singing psalms to hornpipes' also points at this period, as does another passage which is supposed to be a compliment to James on his escape from the Gowrie Conspiracy. These are conjectures, but probable ones: Malone had in former instances placed the date much earlier; first in 1594, and then in 1602. The supposition that Ben Jonson intended a sneer at this play in his *Induction to Bartholomew Fair* has been satisfactorily answered by Mr. Gifford\*.

Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts* attempts to show that *The Winter's Tale* was intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn; but the ground for his conjecture is so slight as scarcely to deserve attention. Indeed it may be answered that the plot of the play is not the invention of Shakspeare, who therefore cannot be charged with this piece of flattery; if it was intended, it must be attributed to Greene, whose novel was published in 1588. I think with Mr. Boswell that these supposed allusions by Shakspeare to the history of his own time are very much to be doubted.

---

which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment.' Pope, in his Preface to Shakspeare, almost reechoes this: 'I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters or single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, are from the hand of Shakspeare.'

\* Works of Ben Jonson, Vol. IV. p. 371.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*

CAMILLO,  
ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*  
CLEOMENES, }

DION,  
Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant *on the young Prince Mamillius.*

Officers *of a Court of Judicature.*

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *his Son.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of Perdita.*

Clown, *his Son.*

Servant *to the old Shepherd.*

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*

Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a Lady,* } *attending the Queen.*  
Two other Ladies, }

MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*  
DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs *for a Dance*;  
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

# WINTER'S TALE.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antichamber in Leontes' Palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Archidamus.*

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

*Cam.* Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied<sup>1</sup>, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast<sup>2</sup>; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

*Arch.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject<sup>3</sup>, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> 'Royally attornied.' Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. over a wide intervening space.

<sup>3</sup> 'Physicks the subject.' Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile;  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence: That<sup>4</sup> may blow  
No sneaping<sup>5</sup> winds at home, to make us say,  
*This is put forth too truly*<sup>6</sup>! Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then: and in that  
I'll no gain-saying.

<sup>4</sup> *That for Oh that!* is not uncommon in old writers. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

*'That runaway's eyes may wink.'*

<sup>5</sup> *Sneaping*, nipping.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. to make me stay. I had too good reason for my fears concerning what may happen in my absence from home.



*Pol.* Press me not, 'beseech you, so;  
 There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,  
 So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
 Were there necessity in your request, although  
 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
 Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder  
 Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
 To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
 Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
 until  
 You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,  
 Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,  
 All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction  
 The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
 He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:  
 But let him say so then, and let him go;  
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—  
 Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIXENES*] I'll  
 adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,  
 To let him there a month, behind the gest<sup>7</sup>  
 Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed<sup>8</sup>, Leontes,

<sup>7</sup> *To let* had for its synonymes to *stay* or *stop*; to *let* him there is to stay him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one. Strype says that Cranmer entreated Cecil 'To let him have the new resolved upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was.' It is supposed to be derived from the old French word *giste*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. indeed, in very deed, in troth. *Good deed* is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

*Pol.*

No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.*

I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with  
oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

You shall not go; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,

When you depart, and save your thanks. How  
say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.*

Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;

Which is for me less easy to commit,

Than you to punish.

*Her.*

Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;

You were pretty lordings<sup>9</sup> then.

*Pol.*

We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more behind,

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk  
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not

<sup>9</sup> *Lordings*, a diminutive of lords, often used by Chaucer.

The doctrine of ill doing, nor dream'd  
 That any did : Had we pursued that life,  
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
 Boldly, *Not Guilty* ; the imposition clear'd <sup>10</sup>,  
 Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather,  
 You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
 Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;  
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
 Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot <sup>11</sup> !  
 Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,  
 Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;  
 The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;  
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
 With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet ?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request, he would not.  
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
 To better purpose.

*Her.* Never ?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What ? have I twice said well ? when was't  
 before ?

<sup>10</sup> i. e. setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence.

<sup>11</sup> 'Grace to boot.' An exclamation equivalent to *give us grace*. In King Richard III. we have :—

'Saint George to boot.'

The phrase has been well explained by the author of the *Diversions of Purley*.

I pr'ythee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make us  
As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying tongue-  
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,  
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—  
My last good was, to entreat his stay;  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you : O, 'would, her name were Grace!  
But once before I spoke to the purpose : When?  
Nay, let me have't; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap<sup>12</sup> thyself my love; then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

*Her.* It is grace, indeed.—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice :  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her Hand to* POLIXENES.]

*Leon.* Too hot, too hot : [*Aside.*  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom<sup>13</sup>,

<sup>12</sup> At entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. Numerous instances of allusion to the custom have been adduced by the editors, one shall suffice, from the old play of *Ram Alley* : 'Come *clap hands* a match.' The custom is not yet disused in common life.

<sup>13</sup> — 'from bounty, fertile bosom.' I think with Malone that a letter has been omitted, and that we should read :—

' — from bounty's fertile bosom.'

And well become the agent: it may, I grant:  
 But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are: and making practis'd smiles,  
 As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 The mort o' the deer<sup>14</sup>; O, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
 Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock<sup>15</sup>. What, hast smutch'd  
 thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
 Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling<sup>16</sup>

[*Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?  
 Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots  
 that I have<sup>17</sup>,

<sup>14</sup> i. e. the death of the deer. The *mort* was also certain notes played on the horn at the death of the deer.

<sup>15</sup> 'Bawcock.' A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beau-cog*, or boy-cock. It occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, and in *King Henry V.* and in both places is coupled with chuck or chick. It is said that *bra'cock* is still used in Scotland.

<sup>16</sup> Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte. *Spineto* and *espinette* are rendered in the Dictionaries by a *paire of virginalles*; this was the common term, as the organ was sometimes called a *pair of organs*.

<sup>17</sup> Thou wantest a rough *head*, and the budding horns that I have. A *pash* in some places denoting a young bull calf whose horns are springing; a *mad pash*, a mad brained boy.

To be full<sup>18</sup> like me: yet, they say, we are  
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
 That will say any thing: But were they false  
 As o'er-dyed blacks<sup>19</sup>, as wind, as waters; false  
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
 To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin<sup>20</sup> eye: Sweet villain!  
 Most dear'st! my collop<sup>21</sup>!—Can thy dam?—may't  
 be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre<sup>22</sup>:  
 Thou dost make possible, things not so held;  
 Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—  
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
 And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent<sup>23</sup>,  
 Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost;  
 (And that beyond commission, and I find it;)  
 And that to the infection of my brains,  
 And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

<sup>18</sup> i. e. entirely.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. old faded stuffs of other colours dyed black.

<sup>20</sup> *Welkin* is *blue*, i. e. the colour of the welkin or sky. Tooke says, a rolling eye, from the Saxon *wealcan*, volve; but the sense in which Shakspeare always uses the word is against him.

<sup>21</sup> In King Henry VI. Part I. we have—

'God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh.'

It is given as a proverbial phrase in Heywood's Epigrams, 1566.

'For I have heard saie it is a deere *collup*

That is cut out of th' owne flesh.'

<sup>22</sup> *Affection* here means imagination. *Intention* is earnest consideration, eager attention. It is this vehemence of mind which affects Leontes, by making him conjure up unreal causes of disquiet; and thus, in the poet's language, 'stabs him to the centre.'

<sup>23</sup> *Credent*, credible.

*Her.* You look,  
As if you held a brow of much distraction :  
Are you mov'd, my lord ?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest.—  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil  
Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash<sup>24</sup>, this gentleman :—Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money<sup>25</sup> ?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will ? why, happy man be his dole<sup>26</sup> !—  
My brother,  
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours ?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :  
He makes a July's day short as December ;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire  
Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,

<sup>24</sup> i. e. an immature pea-pod. In Twelfth Night we have :—

'As a *squash* before it is a peascod,' &c.

<sup>25</sup> 'Will you take eggs for money ?' A proverbial phrase for 'will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon ?'

<sup>26</sup> i. e. may happiness be his *portion* ! See Merry Wives of Windsor and Taming of the Shrew. So in Ray's Proverbs, p. 136, ed. 1737, 'happy man, happy *dole*, or happy man by his *dole*.'

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,  
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;  
 Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:  
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
 Apparent<sup>27</sup> to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,  
 We are yours i' the garden; Shall's attend you there.

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you: you'll be  
 found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,  
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
 Go to, go to!

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*  
 How she holds up the neb<sup>28</sup>, the bill to him!  
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
 To her allowing<sup>29</sup> husband! Gone already!  
 Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd  
 one<sup>30</sup>——

[*Exeunt POL. HER. and Attendants.*  
 Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I  
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
 Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour  
 Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There  
 have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
 And many a man there is, even at this present,  
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
 That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence,  
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,  
 Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,  
 As mine, against their will: Should all despair,  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;  
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

<sup>27</sup> Heir apparent, next claimant.

<sup>28</sup> i. e. mouth.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. approving.

<sup>30</sup> i. e. a horned one, a cuckold.



Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
 From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,  
 No barricado for a belly; know it;  
 It will let in and out the enemy,  
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us  
 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.—  
 What! Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest  
 man.— [Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold:  
 When you cast out, it still came home<sup>31</sup>.

*Leon.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions; made  
 His business more material<sup>32</sup>.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?—  
 They're here with me already<sup>33</sup>: whispering, round-  
 ing<sup>34</sup>,

*Sicilia is a so-forth*: 'Tis far gone,  
 When I shall gust<sup>35</sup> it last.—How came't, Camillo,  
 That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's, be't: good, should be per-  
 tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
 By any understanding pate but thine?

<sup>31</sup> 'It still came home,' a nautical term, meaning, 'the anchor would not take hold.'

<sup>32</sup> The more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.

<sup>33</sup> Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers.

<sup>34</sup> To round in the ear was to tell secretly, to whisper.

<sup>35</sup> i. e. taste it:—

'Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.'

*Juv., Sat. x.*

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
 More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,  
 But of the finer natures? by some severals,  
 Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes<sup>36</sup>,  
 Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think, most understand  
 Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.*

Ha?

*Cam.*

Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
 Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.*

Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—  
 Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
 My chamber-councils: wherein, priestlike, thou  
 Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed  
 Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
 In that which seems so.

*Cam.*

Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon't:—Thou art not honest: or,  
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;  
 Which hoxes<sup>37</sup> honesty behind, restraining  
 From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted  
 A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
 And therein negligent; or else a fool,

<sup>36</sup> *Messes* is here put for *degrees, conditions*. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes. Those of lower condition sitting below the great standing salt in the centre of the table. Sometimes the *messes* were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged into *fours*, whence the word came to express four in vulgar speech—'a *messe* (vulgairement) le nombre de quatre.'—*Sherwood's Dict.* 1632.

<sup>37</sup> To *hox* is to hamstring, the proper word is to *hough*.

That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out.  
Against the non-performance<sup>38</sup>, 'twas a fear  
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn); or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute), or thought,—(for cogitation  
Resides not in that man, that does not think<sup>39</sup>)—

<sup>38</sup> This is expressed obscurely, but seems to mean 'the execution of which (*when done*) cried out against the nonperformance of it before;' or, as Johnson laconically expresses it, was '*a thing necessary to be done*,' but which Camillo had delayed doing because he doubted the issue.

<sup>39</sup> Theobald quoted this passage in defence of the well known line in his *Double Falsehood*, 'None but himself can be his parallel.'—'For who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think has no thought in him.' In the same light the subsequent editors view this passage, and read with Pope, 'that does not think *it*.' But the old reading is right, and the absur-

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
 (Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then say,  
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before a troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this, which to reiterate, were sin-  
 As deep as that, though true<sup>40</sup>.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind  
 With the pin and web<sup>41</sup>, but theirs, theirs only,  
 That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
 Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
 The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

dity only in the misapprehension of it. Leontes means to say,  
 'Have you not thought that my wife is slippery (for cogitation re-  
 sides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery?*') The  
 four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the  
 necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in con-  
 struction with it. Malone, whose explanation this is, justly  
 remarks that there are more involved and parenthetical passages  
 in this play than in any other of Shakspeare's, except, perhaps,  
 King Henry VIII.

<sup>40</sup> To reiterate your accusation of her would be as great a sin  
 as that (if committed) of which you accuse her.

<sup>41</sup> The *pin and web* is the *cataract* in an early stage. See King  
 Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4.



*Cam.*

Sir, my lord,  
 I could do this: and that with no rash<sup>45</sup> potion,  
 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
 Maliciously like poison: But I cannot  
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable.  
 I have lov'd thee,——

*Leon.*

Make't thy question, and go rot<sup>46</sup>!  
 Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
 To appoint myself in this vexation? sully  
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
 Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,  
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps<sup>47</sup>?  
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,  
 Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;  
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
 Could man so blench<sup>48</sup>?

*Cam.*

I must believe you, sir;  
 I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't;  
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness  
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first;  
 Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing  
 The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
 Known and allied to yours.

<sup>45</sup> *Rash* is *hasty*; as in King Henry IV. Part II. '*rash* gunpowder.' *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*.

<sup>46</sup> *Make that* (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is a clear point) a subject of doubt, and go rot! Dost think, I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my child, without sufficient grounds?

<sup>47</sup> Something is necessary to complete the verse. Hanmer reads:—

'Is goads and thorns, nettles and tails of wasps.'

<sup>48</sup> To blench is to *start off*, to *shrink*. Thus in Hamlet:—

'—— if he do *blench*,

I know my course.'

Leontes means, could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?



*Leon.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:  
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd  
me. [Exit.]

*Cam.* O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: If I could find example  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange! methinks,  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good-day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region,  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not? do not. Do you know,  
and dare not  
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle<sup>49</sup>,—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behave my knowledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
In ignorant concealment.

<sup>49</sup> *Success, for succession. Gentle, well born, was opposed to simple.*



*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,  
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;  
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as  
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me  
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you<sup>50</sup>.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice<sup>51</sup> you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly; and my name  
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best<sup>52</sup>!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to

<sup>50</sup> 'I am appointed *him* to murder you,' I am the person appointed to murder you.

<sup>51</sup> i. e. to screw or move you to it. A *vice* in Shakspeare's time meant any kind of winding screw. The *vice* of a clock was a common expression.

<sup>52</sup> That is Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: 'let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ.'

A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over<sup>53</sup>  
By each particular star in heaven, and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake  
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith<sup>54</sup>, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon  
His execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in his face<sup>55</sup>. Give me thy hand;

<sup>53</sup> 'Swear his thought over.' The meaning apparently is 'over-swear his thought by,' &c.

<sup>54</sup> 'Is pil'd upon his faith.' This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief.

<sup>55</sup> 'I saw his heart in his face.' In Macbeth we have:—  
'To find the mind's construction in the face.'

Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
 Still neighbour mine<sup>56</sup>; My ships are ready, and  
 My people did expect my hence departure  
 Two days ago.—This jealousy  
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
 Must it be violent; and as he does conceive,  
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;  
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion<sup>57</sup>! Come, Camillo;  
 I will respect thee as a father, if  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority, to command  
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness  
 To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>56</sup> i. e. I will *place* thee in elevated rank always near to my own in dignity, or near my person.

<sup>57</sup> Johnson might well say, 'I can make nothing of the following words:'

' ————— and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.'

he suspected the line which connected them to the rest to have been lost. I have sometimes thought that we should read *not noting* instead of *but nothing*. Perhaps they will bear this construction: 'Good expedition be my friend, and *may my absence* bring comfort to the gracious queen who is part of his theme, but *who knows* nothing of his unjust suspicion.'

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*Her.* Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,  
Tis past enduring.

*1 Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow ?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*1 Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

*2 Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

*Mam.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best ; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or half-moon made with a pen.

*2 Lady.* Who taught you this ?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now  
What colour are your eye-brows ?

*1 Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

*2 Lady.* Hark ye :  
The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

*1 Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,  
sir, now  
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell 's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter:  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.  
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;  
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with  
him?

*1 Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never  
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How bless'd am I  
In my just censure<sup>1</sup>? in my true opinion?—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge<sup>2</sup>! How accurs'd,  
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup  
A spider<sup>3</sup> steep'd, and one may drink; depart,  
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye; make known

<sup>1</sup> i. e. judgment.

<sup>2</sup> 'Alack, for lesser knowledge!' that is, O that my knowledge were less!

<sup>3</sup> Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's time.

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts<sup>4</sup>:—I have drunk, and seen the  
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—  
There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing<sup>5</sup>; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns  
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.—  
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:  
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about  
her;

Away with him:—and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say, he had not,  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

<sup>4</sup> *Hefts*, heavings, things which are heaved up.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. 'a thing *pinched* out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please.' This interpretation is countenanced by a passage in *The City Match*, by Jasper Maine:

'— *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid  
Like fishes, fowls, or faces.'

'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:

Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and  
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,  
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,  
That mercy does; for calumny will sear<sup>6</sup>  
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and has,  
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adultress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,  
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:  
More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is  
A federary<sup>7</sup> with her; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself,  
But<sup>8</sup> with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those

<sup>6</sup> i. e. will brand it. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well:—  
'My maiden's name sear'd, otherwise.'

<sup>7</sup> *Federary*. This word, which is probably of the poet's own  
invention, is used for *confederate*, *accomplice*.

<sup>8</sup> One that knows what she should be ashamed to know her-  
self, even if the knowledge of it was shared *but with* her para-  
mour. It is the use of *but for be-out* (*only*, according to Malone)  
that obscures the sense.

That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No, no; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top<sup>9</sup>.—Away with her to prison:  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
But that he speaks<sup>10</sup>.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have  
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so  
The king's will be perform'd!

*Leon.* Shall I be heard?

[*To the Guards.*

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me?—'Beseech your  
highness,

<sup>9</sup> i. e. no foundation can be trusted. Milton has expressed the same thought in more exalted language:

'If this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble.'

<sup>10</sup> 'He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,

But that he speaks.'

He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.



My women may be with me; for, you see,  
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
 There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress  
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
 As I come out: this action, I now go on<sup>11</sup>,  
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:  
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,  
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have  
 leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen  
 again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice  
 Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,  
 Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—  
 I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
 Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
 I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,  
 In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove  
 She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables<sup>12</sup> where  
 I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
 Then when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;  
 For every inch of woman in the world,  
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
 If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

1 *Lord.* Good my lord.—

<sup>11</sup> i. e. what I am now about to do.

<sup>12</sup> Much has been said about this passage: one has thought it should be *stable-stand*; another that it means *station*. But it may be explained thus:—'If she prove false, I'll make my stables or kennel of my wife's chamber; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and never leave her for a moment; trust her no further than I can feel and see her.'

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :  
 You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,  
 That will be damn'd for't; 'would, I knew the villain;  
 I would land-damn<sup>13</sup> him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—  
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
 The second, and the third, nine, and some five;  
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,  
 I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,  
 To bring false generations; they are coheirs;  
 And I had rather glib<sup>14</sup> myself, than they  
 Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.*

Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
 As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't,  
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
 The instruments that feel<sup>15</sup>.

*Ant.*

If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;  
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
 Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.*

What! lack I credit?

*1 Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,  
 Upon this ground: and more it would content me  
 To have her honour true, than your suspicion;  
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leon.*

Why, what need we

<sup>13</sup> 'I would land-damn him.' Johnson interprets this: 'I will *dams* or condemn him to quit the land.' It may have meant to encompass him by land, ensnare him: and then it should be printed *land-damm*: we have words of the same formation, as *land-lockt*, &c. Hanmer's interpretation from *lant* or *land* urine wants support. Mr. Nares thinks that it suits best with the gross complexion of the whole speech.

<sup>14</sup> *Glib* or *lib*, i. e. castrate.

<sup>15</sup> I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, Antigonus, *now* feel my doing this *to you*, and *as you now see* the instruments that feel, i. e. *my fingers*. Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay hold of Antigonus.

Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,  
Relish as<sup>16</sup> truth, like us; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation<sup>17</sup>,  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:  
Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency<sup>18</sup>: Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not

<sup>16</sup> The old copy reads *a truth*. Rowe made the correction.  
i. e. proof.  
i. e. of abilities more than sufficient.

Come up to the truth : So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd ;  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;  
We are to speak in publick : for this business  
Will raise us all.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;  
[*Exit an Attendant.*  
Let him have knowledge who I am,—Good lady !  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.*

You know me, do you not ?

*Keeper.* For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you, then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*Keep.* I may not, madam ; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors !——Is it lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?  
*Emilia ?*

*Keep.* So please you, madam, to put  
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring  
*Emilia* forth.

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

*Keep.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together: On her frights and griefs  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:  
These dangerous unsafe lunes<sup>1</sup> o'the king! beshrew  
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen;  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know

<sup>1</sup> *Lunes.* This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for *frenzy, lunacy, folly*. A similar expression occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608: 'I know it was but some peevish *moon* in him.' In *As You Like It*, we have the expression, a *moonish* youth.

How he may soften at the sight o' the child;  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,  
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

*Keep.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the  
babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to  
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Keep.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon  
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

*Leon.* Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if  
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,  
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level<sup>1</sup> of my brain, plot-proof: but she  
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

*1 Attend.*

My lord!

[*Advancing.*]

*Leon.* How does the boy?

*1 Attend.*

He took good rest to-night;  
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

*Leon.*

To see,

His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely<sup>2</sup>:—go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]  
—Fye, fye! no  
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;  
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,

<sup>1</sup> *Blank* and *level* mean *mark* and *aim*, or *direction*. They are terms of gunnery. See note 8, p. 50, of this play. Thus also in *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 4:

'As *level* as the cannon to his *blank*.'

<sup>2</sup> i. e. leave me *alone*.

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;  
More free, than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-  
manded

None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir;  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;  
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference  
About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;  
I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, can'st not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty, he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,



Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo you now, you hear!  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess<sup>3</sup>  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils<sup>4</sup>,  
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,  
good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst<sup>5</sup> about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
First hand me: on my own accord, I'll off;  
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;  
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

*Leon.* Out!

A mankind<sup>6</sup> witch? Hence with her, out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paul.* Not so:

<sup>3</sup> The old copy has *professes*.

<sup>4</sup> 'In comforting your evils.' To comfort, in old language, is to aid, to encourage. *Evils* here mean wicked courses.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the weakest, or least warlike.

<sup>6</sup> 'A mankind witch.' In Junius's Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted 'A manly woman, or a mankind woman.' Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
 In so entitling me: and no less honest  
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.*

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—  
 Thou dotard [*To ANTIGONUS*], thou art woman-  
 tir'd<sup>7</sup>, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;  
 Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone<sup>8</sup>.

*Paul.*

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
 Takest up the princess, by that forced<sup>9</sup> baseness  
 Which he has put upon't!

*Leon.*

He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past  
 all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

*Leon.*

A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.*

Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he  
 The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
 His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
 Whose sting is sharper than the sword's<sup>10</sup>; and will  
 not

<sup>7</sup> i. e. hen-pecked. To *tire* in Falconry is to *tear* with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of Reynard the Fox.

<sup>8</sup> A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe*; and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman*.

<sup>9</sup> *Forced* is false; uttered with violence to truth. *Baseness* for *bastardy*; we still say *base born*.

<sup>10</sup> 'Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.' So in *Cymbeline*:

'Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue  
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.'

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't), once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

*Leon.* A callat<sup>11</sup>,  
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes:  
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Paul.* It is yours;  
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—  
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow<sup>12</sup> in't; lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's!

*Leon.* A gross hag!—  
And, lozel<sup>13</sup>, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

<sup>11</sup>at is a trull. <sup>12</sup> 'No yellow,' the colour of jealousy.  
a worthless fellow; one lost to all goodness. From  
*Losian*, to perish, to be lost. *Lorel*, *lozel*, *losliche*,  
the same family.

*Leon.*

I'll have thee burn'd.

*Paul.*

I care not :

It is a heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.*

On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her  
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done  
(And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.*

I did not, sir :  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*1 Lord.*

We can; my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You are liars all.

*1 Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech  
So to esteem of us; And on our knees we beg  
(As recompense of our dear services,  
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;  
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:—  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? Better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:  
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[*To* ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's gray<sup>14</sup>,—what will you ad-  
venture

To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible: Swear by this sword<sup>15</sup>,  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for  
the fail

<sup>14</sup> Leontes must mean the beard of Antigonus, which he may  
posed to touch. He himself tells us that twenty-three  
yo he was unbreech'd, of course his age must be under  
and his own beard would hardly be gray.  
was anciently a practice to swear by the cross at the  
a sword.

Of any point in't shall not only be  
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;  
 Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
 This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it  
 To some remote and desert place, quite out  
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
 Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—  
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—  
 That thou commend it strangely to some place<sup>16</sup>,  
 Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death  
 Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:  
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,  
 To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,  
 Casting their savageness aside, have done  
 Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
 In more than this deed doth require! and blessing<sup>17</sup>,  
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss<sup>18</sup>!

[*Exit, with the Child.*

*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
 Another's issue.

*1 Atten.* Please your highness, posts,  
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
 An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
 Hasting to the court.

*1 Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
 Hath been beyond account.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. commit it to some place as a stranger. To commend is to commit, according to the old dictionaries.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. the favour of heaven.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. to exposure, or to be lost or dropped.

*Leon.*

Twenty-three days

They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells,  
 The great Apollo suddenly will have  
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
 Summon a session, that we may arraign  
 Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath  
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have  
 A just and open trial. While she lives,  
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;  
 And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street in some Town.**Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;  
 Fertile the isle<sup>1</sup>; the temple much surpassing  
 The common praise it bears.

*Dion.*

I shall report,

For most it caught me, the celestial habits  
 (Methinks, I so should term them), and the reverence  
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
 It was i'the offering!

*Cleo.*

But, of all, the burst

And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,  
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,  
 That I was nothing.

<sup>1</sup> Warburton has remarked that the temple of Apollo was at *Delphi*, which was not an island. But Shakspeare little regarded geographical accuracy. He followed Green's *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, in which it is called the *isle* of *Delphos*. There was a temple of Apollo in the isle of *Delos*.



*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't<sup>2</sup>.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare,  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses;—  
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly  
seated.

*Leon.* This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,  
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one  
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—  
Produce the prisoner.

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

<sup>2</sup> 'The time is worth the use on't;' that is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Translation of Montaigne, 1603: 'The common saying is, the time we live is worth the money we pay for it.'



HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence<sup>1</sup> whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity, Being counted falsehood<sup>2</sup>, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine Behold our human actions (as they do), I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know (Who least will seem to do so), my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which<sup>3</sup> is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the *design*. Shakspeare often uses the word for *design* or *intention*. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: 'publisher of this *pretence*.' And in *Macbeth*:

'Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight  
Of treason's malice.'

<sup>2</sup> i. e. my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of will pass but for a *lie*. Falsehood means both *treachery* and *lie*.

<sup>3</sup> Which, that is, *which unhappiness*.

And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe<sup>4</sup>  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing  
 To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare<sup>5</sup>: for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd, to appear thus<sup>6</sup>: if one jot beyond  
 The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,  
 That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry, Fye upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet,  
 That any of these bolder vices wanted  
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
 Than to perform it first<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Own, possess.

<sup>5</sup> I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly spare. This sentiment, which is probably derived from Ecclesiasticus, iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: 'The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach to her children.'

<sup>6</sup> *Encounter so uncurrent* is *unallowed* or *unlawful meeting*.—*Strain'd* means *swerv'd* or gone astray from the line of duty. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

'Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,  
 Revolts.'

*To appear thus* is *to seem guilty*.

<sup>7</sup> It is to be observed that originally in our language, two negatives did not affirm, but only strengthen the negation. Examples of similar phraseology occur in several of our author's plays, and even in the first act of this very drama: in this passage, Johnson observes that, according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*.

*Her.* That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;  
With such a kind of love, as might become  
A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude,  
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had  
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it,  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level<sup>s</sup> of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,

<sup>s</sup> See note 1, p. 38. To stand within the *level* of a gun is to stand in a direct line with its mouth, and in danger of being hurt by its discharge. This expression often occurs in Shakspeare; take one instance from *K. Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 2:

'I stood i'the *level*  
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that chok'd it.'

And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame  
(Those of your fact<sup>9</sup> are so), so past all truth:  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as<sup>10</sup>  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee, than it), so thou  
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,  
Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats;  
The bug<sup>11</sup>, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went: My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily<sup>12</sup>, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i'the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit<sup>13</sup>. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. they who have done like you. Shakspeare had this from Dorastus and Fawnia, 'it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault.'

<sup>10</sup> It is your *business* to deny this charge; but the mere denial will be useless, will prove nothing.

<sup>11</sup> Bugbear.

<sup>12</sup> 'Starr'd most unluckily.' Ill starred; born under an inauspicious planet.

<sup>13</sup> *Strength of limit*, i. e. the degree of strength which it is customary to acquire before women are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,  
 I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour  
 (Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,  
 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the oracle;  
 Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request  
 Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,  
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

*Her.* The emperor of Russia was my father:  
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
 The flatness<sup>14</sup> of my misery; yet with eyes  
 Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon this sword of  
 justice,  
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
 Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought  
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
 Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
 Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes  
 blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous*

<sup>14</sup> 'The flatness of my misery,' that is *absoluteness*, the *completeness* of my misery. So Milton, P. L. b. ii:

'Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
 Is flat despair.'

*e.* complete or downright despair.

*tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found*<sup>15</sup>.

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Off.* Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i'the oracle:  
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Serv.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it:  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed<sup>16</sup>, is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone?

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*]

How now there?

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen:—Look  
down,

And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence;  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—  
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

<sup>15</sup> This is almost literally from Greene's novel.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. of the event of the queen's trial. We still say, he *sped* well or ill.



New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;  
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:  
 For, being transported by my jealousies  
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
 Camillo for the minister, to poison  
 My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
 But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
 My swift command, though I with death, and with  
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
 Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,  
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
 Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,  
 Which you knew great; and to the certain<sup>17</sup> hazard  
 Of all incertainties himself commended<sup>18</sup>,  
 No richer than his honour:—How he glisters  
 Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
 Does my deeds make the blacker<sup>19</sup>!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!  
 O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
 Break too!

*1 Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
 What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling  
 In leads or oils? what old, or newer torture  
 Must I receive; whose every word deserves  
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
 Together working with thy jealousies,—  
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

<sup>17</sup> *Certain* is not in the first folio, it was supplied by the editor of the second.

<sup>18</sup> See p. 45, note 16.

<sup>19</sup> This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,  
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all  
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant<sup>20</sup>,  
 And damnable<sup>21</sup> ungrateful: nor was't much,  
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour<sup>22</sup>,  
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
 To be or none, or little; though a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire<sup>23</sup>, ere done't:  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,  
 When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,  
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and ven-  
 geance for't  
 Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,  
 nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,

<sup>20</sup> The same construction occurs in the second book of Phaer's version of the *Æneid*:

'When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxed wood.*'

<sup>21</sup> *Damnable* is used here adverbially. So in All's Well that Ends Well:—'Tis not meant *damnable* in us.'

<sup>22</sup> The poet forgot that Paulina was absent during the king's self-accusation.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.



Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!  
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier  
 Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.*

Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*1 Lord.*

Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
 I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.*

I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
 I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much  
 The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd  
 To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past  
 help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction  
 At my petition, I beseech you; rather  
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—  
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
 Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,  
 And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.*

Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth; which I receive much better  
 Than to be pitied of thee. Prythee, bring me  
 The dead bodies of my queen, and son:  
 Their grave shall be for both; upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie: and tears, shed there,  
Shall be my recreation: So long as  
Nature will bear up with this exercise,  
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III. Bohemia.

*A desert Country near the Sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a  
Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect<sup>1</sup> then, our ship hath touch'd  
upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;  
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:—  
I have heard, (but not believ'd), the spirits of the dead

<sup>1</sup> i. e. well assured.

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*  
*Since fate, against thy better disposition,*  
*Hath made thy person for the thrower-out*  
*Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—*  
*Places remote enough are in Bohemia,*  
*There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe*  
*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,*  
*I pr'ythee, call't; for this ungentle business,*  
*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see*  
*Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks,*  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe  
Hermione hath suffer'd death: and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well?

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character<sup>2</sup>: there these;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *description*. The writing afterward discovered with  
Perdita.

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have  
A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour<sup>3</sup>!—  
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;  
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*]

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy<sup>4</sup>. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child<sup>5</sup>, I wonder? A pretty

<sup>3</sup> 'A savage clamour.' This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries *this is the chase*, i. e. the animal pursued.

<sup>4</sup> This is from the novel. It is there said to be 'sea ivie, on which they do greatly feed.'

<sup>5</sup> A *barne*. This word is still in use in the northern dialects for a *child*. It is supposed to be derived from *born*, things born seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. Steevens says that he had been told 'that in some of our inland counties a *child* signified a *female infant* in contradistinction to a male one;' but the assertion wants confirmation, and we may rather refer this use of it to the simplicity of the shepherd.

one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone? how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned<sup>6</sup> it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gen-

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *swallowed it*, as our ancient toppers swallowed flap-dragons. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we have, 'thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.' See vol. ii. page 374, note 9.

tleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* 'Would, I had been by, to have helped the old man<sup>7</sup>!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

[*Aside.*

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>8</sup> for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies: this is some changeling<sup>9</sup>:—open't: What's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made<sup>10</sup> old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next<sup>11</sup> way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secresy,—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

<sup>7</sup> Shakspeare, who knew that he himself designed Antigonus for an old man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the shepherd, who had never seen him.

<sup>8</sup> A *bearing* is *cloth*, the mantle of fine cloth, in which a child was carried to be baptized.

<sup>9</sup> A *changeling*. Some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

<sup>10</sup> The old copies read *mad*. The emendation is Theobald's.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. nearest.



*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst<sup>12</sup>, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed; If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

*Time.* I,—that please some, try all; both joy,  
and terror,  
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error<sup>1</sup>,—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years<sup>2</sup>, and leave the growth untried

<sup>12</sup> *Curst* here signifies *mischievous*. The old adage says, 'Curst cows have short horns.'

<sup>1</sup> *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

<sup>2</sup> It is certain that Shakspeare was well acquainted with the laws of the drama, as they are called, but disregarded, nay wilfully departed from them, and 'snatch'd a grace beyond the reach of art.' His productions are not therefore to be tried by such laws. The German critics with Schlegel at their head have shown the essential difference between the *classic* and the *romantic* drama, and that the latter ought not, nor could not be confined to the unities. It is remarkable that George Whet-

Of that wide gap<sup>3</sup>; since it is in my power  
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
 Or what is now received: I witness to  
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale  
 The glistering of this present, as my tale  
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,  
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
 The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,  
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me<sup>4</sup>,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
 I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel  
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,  
 I list not prophesy; but let Time's news

stone in the Dedication of his *Promos* and *Cassandra*, which Shakspeare used as the groundwork of *Measure for Measure*, has pointed at this violation of the rules in the English drama in strong terms:—'The Englishman in this qualitie is most vaine, indiscreet, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he thorowe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell,' &c.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. leave unexamined the progress of the intermediate time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story. The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who overthrows every thing, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of custom as they are made by him.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. imagine *with* me. It is a French idiom which Shakspeare has played upon in the *Taming of the Shrew*. And Falstaff speaking of sack, in *King Henry IV.* says:—

'It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there,' &c.



Be known, when 'tis brought forth :—a shepherd's daughter,  
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 Is the argument<sup>5</sup> of time : Of this allow<sup>6</sup>,  
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;  
 If never yet, that Time himself doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen<sup>1</sup> years, since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me : to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so ; which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now : the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study ; and my

<sup>5</sup> *Argument*, subject.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. approve.

<sup>1</sup> It should be *sixteen*, as Time has just stated, and future passages have it.

profit therein, the heaping friendships<sup>2</sup>. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother: whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted<sup>3</sup>, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle<sup>4</sup> that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will,

<sup>2</sup> *Heaping friendships*, friendly offices.

<sup>3</sup> *Missingly noted*, observed at intervals.

<sup>4</sup> *Angle* is here used for the bait, or line and hook, that draws his son like a fish away. So in *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2:—

'——— throws out his *angle* for my proper life.'

*Hamiota* is rendered 'a fisher with the *angle*' in the dictionaries.

not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think, it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS<sup>1</sup>, singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,—*

*With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—*

*Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;*

*For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale<sup>2</sup>.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—*

*With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—*

*Doth set my pugging<sup>3</sup> tooth on edge;*

*For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—*

*With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—*

*Are summer songs for me and my aunts<sup>4</sup>,*

*While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

<sup>1</sup> Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father.

'Non fuit Autolyci tam peccata manus.'—*Martial*.

See also *Homer's Odyssey*, book xix.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. 'the red, the *spring* blood now reigns over the parts lately under the dominion of winter.' A *pale* was a division, a place set apart from another, as the English *pale*, the *pale* of the church. The words *pale* and *red* were used for the sake of the antithesis. The *glow* of spring reigns over the *paleness* of winter.

<sup>3</sup> A *puggard* was a cant name for some kind of thief. In the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, we have

Cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, &c.

*Pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces.

<sup>4</sup> *Aunt* was a cant word for a *bawd* or *trull*.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile<sup>5</sup>; but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*

*The pale moon shines by night:*

*And when I wander here and there,*

*I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,*

*And bear the sow-skin budget;*

*Then my account I well may give,*

*And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen<sup>6</sup>. My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat<sup>7</sup>: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see;—Every 'leven wether—tods<sup>8</sup>; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*

<sup>5</sup> i. e. rich velvet, so called. See *Measure for Measure*, p. 9, note 3. In the fourth act of the same play a mercer is called Master *Three-pile*.

<sup>6</sup> Autolycus means that his practice was to *steal* sheets; leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests.

<sup>7</sup> The *silly cheat* is one of the slang terms belonging to *coney catching* or *thievery*. It is supposed to have meant *picking of pockets*.

<sup>8</sup> Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20 or 22s. in 1581.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters<sup>9</sup>.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men<sup>10</sup> all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means<sup>11</sup> and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies<sup>12</sup>; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, seven; *a race*, or two, of *ginger*; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes*, and as many of *raisins o' the sun*.

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*]

*Clo.* I' the name of me,——

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

<sup>9</sup> *Counters* were circular pieces of base metal, anciently used by the illiterate to adjust their reckonings.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. singers of catches in three parts.

<sup>11</sup> *Means* are tenors.

<sup>12</sup> *Wardens* are a large sort of pear, called in French *Poires de Garde*, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo Saxon *wearden*, to preserve. They are now called *baking-pears*, and are generally coloured with *cochineal* instead of *saffron* as of old.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

*Aut.* O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart<sup>13</sup>.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames<sup>14</sup>: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

<sup>13</sup> Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says:—'the king hath killed his heart.'

<sup>14</sup> 'Trol my dames.' The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house. In Jones's Treatise on Buckstone Bathes 'The ladyes, &c. if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits: the pastime troule in madame is called.' It is a corruption of *trou-madame*; and was also called *trunkes* according to Cotgrave.



*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide<sup>15</sup>.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion<sup>16</sup> of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him! Prig<sup>17</sup>, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the

<sup>15</sup> 'Abide,' only sojourn, or dwell for a time.

<sup>16</sup> 'He compassed a motion,' &c.; he obtained a puppet show, &c.

<sup>17</sup> *Prig*, another cant phrase for the order of thieves. Harman in his *Caveat for Cursetor*, 1573, calls a horse-stealer 'a *prigger* of prancers; for to *prigge* in their language is to *steale*.'

shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled<sup>18</sup>, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*

*And merrily hent<sup>19</sup> the stile-a:*

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora,  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes<sup>1</sup>, it not becomes me;  
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,  
The gracious mark<sup>2</sup> o' the land, you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddesslike prank'd up: But that our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. dismissed from the society of rogues.

<sup>19</sup> *To hent the stile is to take the stile.* It comes from the Saxon *hentan*.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the extravagance of his conduct in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddesslike.

<sup>2</sup> *The gracious mark of the land is the object of all men's notice and expectation.*

<sup>3</sup> 'To show myself a glass.' She probably means, that the prince, by the rustic habit he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her as in a glass how she ought to be dressed, instead of being so goddesslike prank'd up. And were it not for the licence and folly which custom had made familiar at such feasts, as that of sheep-sheering, when mimetic sports were allowable, she should blush to see him so attired.



*Flo.* I bless the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me, the difference<sup>4</sup> forges dread; your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up<sup>5</sup>? What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them<sup>6</sup>: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now: Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;  
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires  
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O but, dear<sup>7</sup> sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak; that you must change this  
purpose,  
Or I my life.

<sup>4</sup> Meaning the *difference* between his rank and hers.

<sup>5</sup> 'Vilely bound up.' This was a metaphor natural enough to  
writer, though not exactly suitable in the mouth of Perdita.  
akespeare has repeated it more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*.

<sup>6</sup> This speech is almost literally taken from the novel.

<sup>7</sup> *Dear* is wanting in the oldest copy.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forc'd<sup>8</sup> thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's: for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,  
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;  
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,  
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;  
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire  
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,

<sup>8</sup> i. e. far fetched, not arising from present objects.

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* Welcome, sir! [*To POL.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostessship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!

[*To CAMILLO.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend  
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep  
Seeming, and savour<sup>9</sup>, all the winter long:  
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,—  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For<sup>10</sup> I have heard it said,  
There is an art<sup>11</sup>, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. appearance and smell. *Rue*, being used in exorcisms, was called *herb of grace*, and *rosemary* was supposed to strengthen the *memory*, it is prescribed for that purpose in the ancient herbals. Ophelia distributes the same plants with the same attributes.

<sup>10</sup> For again in the sense of *cause*.

<sup>11</sup> Surely there is no reference here to the impracticable pre-  
of producing flowers by art to rival those of nature, as  
is supposed. The allusion is to the common practice of  
by art particular varieties of colours on flowers, espe-  
cially carnations.

*Pol.* Say, there be;  
 Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
 But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,  
 Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
 A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
 By bud of nobler race; This is an art  
 Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but  
 The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers<sup>12</sup>,  
 And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
 The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:  
 No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
 This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore  
 Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;  
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
 The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
 And with him rises weeping<sup>13</sup>; these are flowers  
 Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
 To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

<sup>12</sup> In the folio edition it is spelt *Gillyvors*. Gelofer or gillofer was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams; from the French *girofle*. There were also stock-gelofers, and wall-gelofers. The variegated gilliflowers or *carnations*, being considered as a produce of art, were properly called *nature's bastards*, and being streaked white and red, *Perdita* considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakspeare's time. This is Mr. Douce's very ingenious solution of this riddle, which had embarrassed Mr. Steevens.

<sup>13</sup> 'Some call it *sponsus solis*, the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him.'—*Lupton's Notable Things*, book vi.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.*

Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would, blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might  
Become your time of day ; and yours ; and yours ;  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's <sup>14</sup> waggon ! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes <sup>15</sup>,  
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,

<sup>14</sup> See Ovid's *Metam.* b. v.—

' — ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora  
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis.'

or the whole passage as translated by Golding, and given in the  
*Variorum Shakspeare*.

<sup>15</sup> Johnson had not sufficient imagination to comprehend this  
exquisite passage, he thought that the poet had mistaken Juno for  
Pallas, and says, that 'sweeter than an eyelid is an odd image !'  
But the eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas, and

' — of a beauty never yet  
Equalled in *height of tincture*.'

The beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their  
eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent,  
which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, &c. men-  
tioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod's *βλεφάρων κυανέων* in  
a passage which has been rendered

' — Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*  
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath  
Of balmy Venus.'

Shakspeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and pro-  
priety of the epithet *violets dim*, and the transition at once to  
the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste  
and feeling need be reminded.

That die unmarried<sup>16</sup>, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and  
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
 To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.*

What? like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
 Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,  
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your  
 flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
 In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine  
 Does change my disposition.

*Flo.*

What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
 To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own  
 No other function: Each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
 That all your acts are queens.

*Per.*

O Doricles,

<sup>16</sup> Perhaps the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from the subjoined verses in the original edition of Milton's *Lycidas* which he subsequently omitted, and altered the epithet *unwedded* to *forsaken* in the preceding line:—

'Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,  
 Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.'

Every reader will see that the 'texture and sentiments' are derived from Shakspeare; and it serves as a beautiful illustration of his meaning.



Your praises are too large: but that your youth,  
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it<sup>17</sup>,  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;  
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think, you have  
As little skill to fear<sup>18</sup>, as I have purpose  
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:  
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em<sup>19</sup>.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than herself;  
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,  
To mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now, in good time!

*Clo.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon our  
manners<sup>20</sup>.—

Come, strike up. [Musick.

*Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what  
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

<sup>17</sup> Thus Marlow in his *Hero and Leander*:—

'Through whose white skin softer than soundest sleep,  
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep.'

<sup>18</sup> i. e. you as little *know* how to fear that I am false, as, &c.

<sup>19</sup> Johnson would transfer this speech to the king, and Ritson would read 'swear for *one*.' Mr. Douce has justly observed that no change is necessary. It is no more than a common phrase of acquiescence, like 'I'll warrant you.'

<sup>20</sup> i. e. we are now on our good behaviour.

*Shep.* They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding<sup>21</sup>: but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth<sup>22</sup>: He says, he loves my  
daughter;

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.*

She dances featly<sup>23</sup>.

*Shep.* So she does any thing; though I report it,  
That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the pedler at  
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor  
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he  
sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money;  
he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all  
men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better: he shall come  
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be dole-  
ful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing  
indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all  
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with  
gloves<sup>24</sup>; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;  
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such de-  
licate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings*<sup>25</sup>; *jump her*

<sup>21</sup> A valuable tract of pasturage.

<sup>22</sup> Truth.

<sup>23</sup> That is *dexterously*, *nimbly*.

<sup>24</sup> The trade of a milliner was formerly carried on by men  
exclusively.

<sup>25</sup> 'With a *hie dildo dill*, and a *dildo dee*' is the burthen of an  
*old ballad* or two. *Fading* is also another burthen to a ballad



and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*<sup>26</sup>.

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares<sup>27</sup>?

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points<sup>28</sup>, more than all the lawyers in

found in Shirley's *Bird in a Cage*; and perhaps to others. It is also the name given to an Irish dance, probably from *fádan*, I whistle, as it was danced to the pipes. The Irish name *rinca fada* is the long dance, performed by country people on May day. The *fading* is mentioned by Ben Johnson, and distinguished from the *fadow*. A very interesting account of the *rinca fada* is given in Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspeare at the end of vol. xiv.

<sup>26</sup> This was also the burthen of an old ballad.

<sup>27</sup> i. e. *undamaged wares*, true and good. This word has sadly perplexed the commentators, who have all left the reader in the dark as to the *true* meaning. The quotation by Steevens from 'Any Thing for a Quiet Life' ought to have led to a right explanation:—'She says that you sent *ware* which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure.' So Marston in his *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. v.:—

'Tuscus is trade-falne; yet great hopes he'le rise,  
For now he makes no count of perjuries;  
Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black loveries,  
Glased his *braided ware*, cogs, swears, and lies.'

And in the prologue to a very curious manuscript collection of satiric tales in verse, entitled '*An Iliade of Metamorphosis*,' 1600, now in the library of Richard Heber, Esq. M. P. and which are thought to be Marston's:—

'Bookes of this nature being once perused  
Are then cast by, and as *brayed ware* refused.'

Mr. Tollet had before remarked that *braided* is explained by Bailey *faded*, or having lost its colour. I am rather surprised that this should have escaped Mr. Nares, because he has quoted one of the passages from Marston, in illustration of another word. See note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, vol. iii. p. 290.

<sup>28</sup> *Points*, upon which lies the quibble, were laces with tags.

Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles<sup>29</sup>, caddisses<sup>30</sup>, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand<sup>31</sup>, and the work about the square on't<sup>32</sup>.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces, and for noses;  
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber<sup>33</sup>:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel<sup>34</sup>,  
What maids lack from head to heel:*

<sup>29</sup> A kind of tape.      <sup>30</sup> A kind of ferret or worsted lace.

<sup>31</sup> *Sleeve-hand*, the cuffs, or wristband.

<sup>32</sup> The work about the bosom of it. So in Fairfax's *Tasso*, b. xii. st. 64:—

'Her curious *square* embossed with swelling gold,  
Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives.'

<sup>33</sup> *Amber* of which necklaces were made fit to perfume a lady's chamber.

<sup>34</sup> These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, Part ii:—'They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well, if in processe of time, they grow not to be

*Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;  
Come, buy, &c.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole<sup>35</sup>, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering: Clamour your tongues<sup>36</sup>, and not a word more.

of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff.' Stowe informs us that 'about the sixteenth yeare of the queene (Elizabeth) began the making of *steele poking-sticks*, and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone.'

<sup>35</sup> The kiln-hole generally means the fireplace for drying malt; still a noted gossiping place.

<sup>36</sup> An expression taken from bell-ringing; now contracted to *clam*. The bells are said to be *clammed*, when, after a course of rounds or changes, they are all pulled off at once, and give a general clash or clam, by which the peal is concluded. As this *clam* is succeeded by a silence, it exactly suits the sense of the ssage.—NARES. Mr. Gifford thinks with Malone that it is a *sprint for charm*.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace<sup>37</sup>, and a pair of sweet gloves<sup>38</sup>.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad : therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here ? ballads ?

*Mop.* 'Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you ?

<sup>37</sup> A *tawdry lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches ; so named after St. Audrey (Ethelreda) who is said to have died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a particular judgment, for having been in her youth much addicted to wearing fine necklaces ; or it probably implies that they were bought at the fair of St. Audrey, where gay toys of all sorts were sold. This fair was held in the Isle of Ely on the Saint's day, the 17th of October ; Harpsfield, who tells the story of the saint, describes the necklace :—' Solent Angliæ nostræ mulieres torquem quendam, extenui et subtili sericâ confectum, collo gestare quam Ethelredæ torquem appellamus (tawdry lace) forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam.'—*Hist. Eccles. Angl.* p. 86. So in *The Faithful Shepherdess* :—

' The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring.'

Spenser in his *Shepherd's Kalendar* mentions it as an ornament for the waist :—

' And gird your waste

For more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*.'

*Tawdries* is used sometimes for *necklaces* in general.

<sup>38</sup> Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are often mentioned by Shakespeare, they were very much esteemed, and a frequent present in the poet's time.

*Aut.* Very true; and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* 'Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true<sup>39</sup>.

*Dor.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: Another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

<sup>39</sup> All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books—'A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward.' To this it is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes.

## SONG.

*A. Get you hence, for I must go ;*

*Where, it fits not you to know.*

*D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?*

*M. It becomes thy oath full well,*

*Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

*D. Me too, let me go thither.*

*M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

*D. If to either, thou dost ill.*

*A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.*

*D. Thou hast sworn my love to be:*

*M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:  
My father and the gentlemen are in sad<sup>40</sup> talk, and  
we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack  
after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Ped-  
ler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,*

*Or lace for your cape,*

*My dainty duck, my dear-a?*

*Any silk, any thread,*

*Any toys for your head,*

*Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?*

*Come to the pedler;*

*Money's a medler,*

*That doth utter<sup>41</sup> all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt Clown, AUT. DORC. and MOPSA.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shep-  
herds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have

<sup>40</sup> i. e. serious.

<sup>41</sup> 'A sale or utterance of ware. Exactus.'—Baret.



made themselves all men of hair<sup>42</sup>; they call themselves saltiers<sup>43</sup>: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling), it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire<sup>44</sup>.

*Shep.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter<sup>45</sup>.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

<sup>42</sup> It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakspeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A very curious relation of a disguising or mummary of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, is related by Froissart as occurring in the court of France in 1392. The reader may also consult Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 152, ed. 1725, or the late edition of Shakspeare, by Mr. Boswell, vol. xiv. p. 371. Mr. Douce has given a song for four voices from Ravenscroft's collection, called *The Satyres Daunce*. 'Antimasques,' says Lord Bacon, 'are usually composed of *satyrs*, baboons, antiques, beasts, &c.'—*Essay* 37.

<sup>43</sup> Satyrs.

<sup>44</sup> Foot rule, *esquierre*, Fr.

<sup>45</sup> This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,  
And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks : I would have ransack'd  
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted<sup>46</sup> with him : if your lass  
Interpretation should abuse; and call this  
Your lack of love, or bounty : you were straited<sup>47</sup>  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.*

Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are :  
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
That's bolted<sup>48</sup> by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.*

Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

<sup>46</sup> Bought, trafficked.

<sup>47</sup> *Straitened*, put to difficulties.

<sup>48</sup> That is *sifted*. This is a beautiful image, which the poet has repeated with a little variation in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

'That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow  
Fann'd by the eastern winds, turns to a crow  
When thou hold'st up thy hand.'



*Flo.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:  
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-  
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,  
Without her love: for her, employ them all;  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;  
Have you a father?

I have: But what of him?  
Knows he of this?

He neither does, nor shall.  
Methinks, a father  
ne nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;  
 Is not your father grown incapable  
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
 With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?  
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate<sup>49</sup>?  
 Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,  
 But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;  
 He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
 Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
 Something unfilial: Reason, my son  
 Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
 The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
 But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
 In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;  
 But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
 My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve  
 At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:—  
 Mark our contráct.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
 [*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
 To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,

<sup>49</sup> i. e. 'converse about his own affairs.' The phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.'

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou, old traitor,  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but  
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

*Shep.*

O, my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,  
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—  
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,  
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as  
never

I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin.  
Far<sup>50</sup> than Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words;  
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop<sup>51</sup> his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

*Per.*

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,  
I was about to speak<sup>52</sup>; and tell him plainly,

<sup>50</sup> *Far*, in the old spelling *farre*, i. e. *farther*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. This in the time of Chaucer was softened into *ferre*.

'Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.'

<sup>51</sup> The old copy reads *hope*.

<sup>52</sup> Warburton remarks that Perdita's character is here finely sustained. 'To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have even her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, *d not become her education*.'

The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike<sup>53</sup>.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

*To FLORIZEL.*

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father,  
Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

*[To FLORIZEL.]*

You have undone a man of fourscore three<sup>54</sup>,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

<sup>53</sup> To *look on* or *look upon* without any substantive annexed is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'He is my prize: I will not *look upon*.'

Sir John Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599, has a similar thought:—

'Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray  
Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine.'

and Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it not inelegantly:—

'—————The stars shoot  
An equal influence on the open cottage,  
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,  
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd  
With care and whisper.'

<sup>54</sup> This speech of the old clown is admirably characteristic; his selfishness is seen by his concealing the adventure of Perdita, and here supported by the little regard he shows for his son or her: he is entirely taken up with himself though *fourscore and three*.

Where no priest shovels-in dust<sup>55</sup>.—O cursed wretch!

[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[Exit.

*Flo.*

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard! delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking back; not following  
My leash<sup>56</sup> unwillingly.

*Cam.*

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,

You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

*Flo.*

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

*Cam.*

Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known?

*Flo.*

It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith; And then

Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,

And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—

From my succession wipe me, father! I

Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.*

Be advis'd.

<sup>55</sup> Before the reform of the burial service by Edward VI. it was the custom for the priest to throw earth on the body in the shape of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.  
<sup>56</sup> *leash*, a leading-string.

*Flo.* I am; and by my fancy<sup>57</sup>: if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more), cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune,  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver;—I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our<sup>58</sup> need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold,  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O, my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*  
I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

*Cam.* He's irremovable.  
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;

<sup>57</sup> *Fancy* here means *love*, as in other places already pointed out.

<sup>58</sup> 'Our need.' The old copy reads *her*. The emendation is Theobald's.

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo,  
I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

*Cam.* Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love  
That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king;  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration) on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As heavens forefend! your ruin): marry her;  
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)  
Your discontenting<sup>59</sup> father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place, whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:

<sup>59</sup> *Discontenting* for discontented.



But as the unthought-on accident<sup>60</sup> is guilty  
To<sup>61</sup> what we wildly do; so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:  
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess  
(For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes;  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth: asks thee<sup>62</sup>, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,  
Faster than thought, or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting<sup>63</sup>,  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,

<sup>60</sup> This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.

<sup>61</sup> *Guilty to*, though it sound harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakspeare. So in the Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'But lest myself be *guilty* to self wrong,  
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.'

<sup>62</sup> The old copy reads, 'thee *there* son.' The correction was made in the third folio.

<sup>63</sup> The council-days were called *sittings*, in Shakspeare's time.



But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you :

There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,  
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;  
But as you shake off one, to take another :  
Nothing so certain as your anchors : who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loath to be : Besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love ;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true :  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in<sup>64</sup> the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so ?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
years,  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,

<sup>64</sup> To take in, is to conquer, to get the better of. So in Cymbeline, Act iii. Sc. 2 :—

' Such assaults

As would take in some virtue.'

Again in Act iv. Sc. 2 :—

' And swore,

With his own single hand he'd take us in.'

Thus also in Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 1 :—

' Take in that kingdom and unfranchise this.'

And in Act iii. Sc. 7 :—

' Quickly cut the Ionian sea,

And take in Tornyne.'

The phrase is also used in the same sense by Chapman, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter say, ' to take in towns,' &c.

She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i' the rear our birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this;  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—  
Preserver of my father, now of me;  
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

*Cam.* My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know, you shall not want,—one word.  
[*They talk aside.*]

*Enter* AUTOLYCUS.

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have  
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a  
riband, glass, pomander<sup>65</sup>, brooch, table-book, bal-

<sup>65</sup> *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Philips. They were used as amulets against the plague or other infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury. Various receipts for making them may be found in old books of housewifery, and even in one or two old plays. They have recently been revived and made into a variety of ornamental forms under the name of Amulets. Fumigating pastilles are another modification of the pomander. The name is derived from *pomme d'ambre*, I know not on what authority, for in all the old French dictionaries they are called *pommes de senteur*. Philips says *pomamber*, Dutch.

lad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed<sup>66</sup>, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoes, till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket<sup>67</sup>, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA  
come foward.

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters by this means being there  
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

<sup>66</sup> This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.

<sup>67</sup> Steevens has been very facetious about a *placket*, and has explained it to be the opening in a woman's petticoat. It was no such thing, it was nothing more than a *stomacher*; as appears by Florio's Dictionary, under the word *Torace*: 'The breast or bulke of a man: also the middle space betweene the necke and the thighes: also a *placket*, a *stomacher*.' Thomas gives the same explanation of *Thoraca*, except that he spells the word *placcard*.

<sup>\*</sup> the same in Cooper's Dictionary, 1584; and in Hutton's nary, 1583. Bailey has *placket*, the slit or open part of a's petticoat; and I believe this, in the language of semp-  
*s*, is now called the *placket-hole*.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from king  
Leontes——

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?

[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS:

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now,——why  
hanging. [*Aside.*

*Cam.* How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou  
so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal  
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,  
we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee  
instantly (thou must think, there's necessity in't),  
and change garments with this gentleman: Though  
the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold  
thee, there's some boot<sup>68</sup>.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well  
enough. [*Aside.*

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is  
half flayed<sup>69</sup> already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick  
of it. [*Aside.*

*Flo.* Despatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot  
with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*  
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

<sup>68</sup> Boot is advantage profit. We now say *something to boot*,  
something beside the articles exchanged for each other.

♥ Stripped.

Come home to you!—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,  
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;  
Dismantle you: and as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming; that you may  
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see, the play so lies,  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy.—  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have  
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend,

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?  
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be to tell the king  
[*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!—  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLO. PER. and CAM.*]

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it: To  
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,  
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requi-  
site also, to smell out work for the other senses. I  
see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.  
What an exchange had this been, without boot?  
*what a boot* is here, with this exchange? Sure, the

gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't<sup>70</sup>: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king, she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king: and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her: those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too: who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood

<sup>70</sup> Steevens reads, 'If I thought it were NOT a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do it.' The transposition of the word *not* was made by Hanmer; it does not render the passage more intelligible, and as we can extract a meaning out of the passage as it originally stood, I do not think so violent a transposition admissible.



had been the dearer; by I know how<sup>71</sup> much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

*Shep.* Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel; will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* Pray heartily, he be at palace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement<sup>72</sup>. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel<sup>73</sup>, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having<sup>74</sup>, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie<sup>75</sup>.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner<sup>76</sup>.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier.

<sup>71</sup> We should probably read, 'by I know *not* how much an ounce.'

<sup>72</sup> Thus in *The Comedy of Errors*: 'Why is time such a nig-gard of his hair, being as it is so plentiful an *excrement*?'

<sup>73</sup> *Fardel* is a *bundle*, a *pack* or *burthen*. 'A pack that a man doth bear with him in the way,' says *Baret*.

<sup>74</sup> i. e. estate, property.

<sup>75</sup> The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie.

<sup>76</sup> That is, *in the fact*. Vide *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1.

See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court<sup>77</sup>? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze<sup>78</sup> from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen<sup>79</sup>.

*Aut.* How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

<sup>77</sup> The *measure*, the stately tread of courtiers.

<sup>78</sup> 'Think'st thou because I wind myself into, or draw from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?' To *toze* is to pluck or draw out. As to *toze* or *teize* wool, *Carpere lanam*. See the old dictionaries.

<sup>79</sup> Malone says, 'perhaps in the first of these speeches we should read, *a present*, which the old shepherd mistakes for a *pheasant*. The clowns perhaps thought courtiers as corruptible as some justices then were, of whom it is said, 'for half a dozen of chickens they would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes.'



*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane<sup>80</sup> to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims<sup>81</sup>,

<sup>80</sup> *Germane*, related.

<sup>81</sup> The hottest day foretold in the almanack.

shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to be hold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered<sup>82</sup>, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

<sup>82</sup> i. e. being handsomely bribed; to consider often signified to reward.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious: for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him I will present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I. Sicilia.

#### *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saintlike sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass: at the last,  
*Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil:*  
*With them, forgive yourself.*



To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue :

[*To LEONTES.*

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,—  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage  
(Where we offenders now appear), soul-vex'd,  
Begin, *And why to me?*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads, 'And begin, *why to me.*' The transposition of *and* was made by Steevens.

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense<sup>3</sup> me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't  
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should rift<sup>4</sup> to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be, *Remember mine.*

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront<sup>5</sup> his eye.

<sup>3</sup> *Incense*, to *instigate* or *stimulate*, was the ancient sense of this word; it is rendered in the Latin dictionaries by *dare stimulo*. So in King Richard III.

'Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother?'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. split.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. meet his eye, or encounter it. *Affrontare*, Ital. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning again in Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1:

'That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
*Affront* Ophelia.'

And in Cymbeline: 'Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of.' The word is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson, and even by Dryden. Lodge, in the Preface to his Translation of Seneca, says, 'No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemy.'

*Cleo.* Good madam,—

*Paul.* I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will : give me the office  
To choose you a queen : She shall not be so young  
As was your former ; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him ? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What train ?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him ?

*Gent.* Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone ; so must thy grave<sup>6</sup>  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

<sup>6</sup> i. e. thy beauties which are buried in the grave.

Have said, and writ so<sup>7</sup> (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme<sup>8</sup>), *She had not been*  
*Nor was not to be equalld*;—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you have seen a better.

*Gent.*

Pardon, madam :

The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else : make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.*

How? not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.*

Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentlemen.*

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.*

Had our prince

(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leon.*

Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st<sup>9</sup>,

He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that, which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

<sup>7</sup> So relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that she had not been *equalld*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. than the corse of Hermione, the subject of your writing.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads, 'Pr'ythee, no more; *cease*; thou know'st,' &c. Steevens made the omission of the redundant word, which he considers a mere marginal gloss or explanation of no more.



*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him: and speak of something, wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him<sup>10</sup>.

*Flo.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend<sup>11</sup>,  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,  
And those that bear them, living.

*Leon.* O, my brother,  
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs, I have done thee, stir

<sup>10</sup> Steevens altered this to look *upon*, but there are many instances of similar construction in Shakspeare, incorrect as they may now appear.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *at amity*, as we now say. Malone, contrary to his usual custom, would here desert the old reading; and says he has met with *no example of similar phraseology*! He surely must have read very inattentively.

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less  
The adventure of her person?

*Flo.*

Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

*Leon.*

Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose  
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness: My best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,  
Here, where we are.

*Leon.*

The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful<sup>12</sup> gentleman; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd  
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you?

<sup>12</sup> i. e. full of grace and virtue.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :  
Desires you to attach his son ; who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia ? speak.

*Lord.* Here in the city ; I now came from him.  
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me ;  
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now  
Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge ;  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who ? Camillo ?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir ; I spake with him : who now  
Has these poor men in question<sup>13</sup>. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak ;  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Per.* O, my poor father !—  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married ?

*Per.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;

<sup>13</sup> i. e. conversation.

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—  
The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leon.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That once, I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth<sup>14</sup> as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:  
Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father; power no jot  
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*Leon.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
[To FLORIZEL.

Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand  
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,  
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

<sup>14</sup> *Worth* for descent or wealth:

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

*1 Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1 Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance<sup>1</sup> were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

*2 Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver more.—How goes it now, sir? this news,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* import, the thing imported.



which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

**3 Gent.** Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it: the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection<sup>2</sup> of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

**2 Gent.** No.

**3 Gent.** Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction; that they were to be known by garment, not by favour<sup>3</sup>. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he is daughter, with clipping<sup>4</sup> her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> In Shakspeare's time, *to affect* a thing meant, to have a tendency or disposition to it. The *affections* were the *dispositions*, *Appetitus animi*.

<sup>3</sup> *Favour* here stands for *mien, feature*. <sup>4</sup> i. e. embracing.

<sup>5</sup> Conduits or fountains were frequently representations of the human figure. One of this kind has been already referred to in *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death: and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my

heart wept blood. Who was most marble there<sup>6</sup> changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity<sup>7</sup>, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a

<sup>6</sup> 'Who was most marble:' that is, those who had the hardest hearts. So in King Henry VIII.

'Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for him.'

<sup>7</sup> However misplaced the praise, it is no small honour to Julio Romano to be thus mentioned by the poet. By *eternity* Shakspeare only means *immortality*. It should seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady*, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the City:

*Ruf.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.

*Sr. Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.

*Ruf.* That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*

*Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.*

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism*. The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus. That semibarbarous nations should paint them is not therefore to be wondered at; it is a custom which has prevailed every where in the infancy of art.



day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed<sup>8</sup> house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* Your are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. remote.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins<sup>9</sup> say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall<sup>10</sup> fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. Yeomen.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. a bold, courageous fellow. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 5. Autolycus chooses to understand the phrase in one of its senses, which was that of nimble handed, working with his hands, a fellow skilful in thievery.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters<sup>11</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

*Leon.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

*Paul.*

What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,  
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd  
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leon.*

O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: But we came  
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.*

As she liv'd peerless,  
Her dead likeness, I do well believe,

*Good masters.* It was a common petitionary phrase to ask  
superior to be good lord or good master to the supplicant.

Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely<sup>1</sup>, apart: But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[PAUL. *undraws a Curtain and discovers a Statue.*  
I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,  
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—  
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,  
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;  
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!  
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,  
There's magic in thy majesty; which has  
My evils conjured to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;  
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads *lonely*.

*Paul.* O, patience;  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought<sup>2</sup> you (for the stone is mine),  
I'd not have show'd it<sup>3</sup>.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your  
fancy  
May think anon, it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.  
'Would, I were dead, but that, methinks, already<sup>4</sup>—  
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixture of her eye has motion in't<sup>5</sup>,  
As we are mock'd with art<sup>6</sup>.

agitated.

ads 'If'd not have show'd it.' In the late edition  
kspeare it stands, 'I'll not have show'd it.' But  
rreoneous.

nce if completed would probably have been, 'but  
s, already *I converse with the dead*.'—His passion  
eak off.

ugh her eye be fixed, it seems to have motion in it.

With has the force of by.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain;  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but  
I could afflict you further.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you  
For more amazement: If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think  
(Which I protest against), I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd,  
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;  
Or those, that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.



*Leon.* Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Musick; awake her: strike.—

[*Musick.*

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach,  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come:  
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[*HERMIONE comes down from the Pedestal.*

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:  
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

*Leon.* O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;  
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER. who kneels to HER.*

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Th' daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,  
thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—  
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope, thou wast in being,—have preserv'd  
Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
You precious winners<sup>7</sup> all; your exultation  
Partake<sup>8</sup> to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough: and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost<sup>9</sup>.

*Leon.* O peace, Paulina;  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;  
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind), to find thee  
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand: whose<sup>10</sup> worth, and ho-  
nesty,  
Is<sup>11</sup> richly noted; and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—

<sup>7</sup> You who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. participate.

<sup>9</sup> Thus in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:—

'A turtle sat upon a leavelesse tree,  
Mourning her absent pheere  
With sad and sorry oheere:  
And whilst her plumes she rents,  
And for her love laments,' &c.

<sup>10</sup> *Whose* relates to Camillo, though Paulina is the immediate antecedent. I have observed, in the loose construction of ancient phraseology, *whose* often used in this manner, where *his* would be more proper.

<sup>11</sup> It is erroneously printed for *is* here in the late *Variorum Shakespeare*.



What!—Look upon<sup>12</sup> my brother:—both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king (whom<sup>13</sup> heavens directing),  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>12</sup> Look upon for look on. Thus in King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 3 :

‘ And look upon, as if the tragedy,’ &c.

<sup>13</sup> Whom is here used where him would be now employed.

THIS play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

\* \* This is not only a *frigid* note of approbation, but is unjustly attributed to Warburton, whose opinion is conveyed in more enthusiastic terms. He must in justice be allowed to speak for himself. ‘ This play throughout is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

“ Our sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy’s child,  
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.”

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name (i.e. Dryden and Pope) into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the collection.’

#### ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I will just take occasion to observe here, that at page 39, line 10, of this play, Paulina says of Hermione, contrasting her with Leontes, that she is

‘ ——— a gracious innocent soul;  
More free, than he is jealous.’

the epithet *free* evidently means *chaste, pure*. I regret instance did not occur to me when I wrote the note on  
Night, Vol. I. p. 332-3.

## COMEDY OF ERRORS.



*Luciana.* God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

*Adriana.* And come with naked swords ; let's call more help,  
To have them bound again.

*Officer.*

Away ! they'll kill us.

ACT IV. SC. 4.

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FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.



# Comedy of Errors.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE general idea of this play is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, 'when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.' The clumsy and inartificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes. Development of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninterrupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Steevens most resolutely maintains his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakspeare, but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed. We may suppose the doggerel verses of the dramas and the want of distinct characterisation in the *Dramatis Personæ*, together with the farcelike nature of some of the incidents, made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his cotemporaries; and that Shakspeare was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *The Taming of the Shrew*. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. The particular translation from Plautus, which served as a model, has not come down to us. There was a translation of the *Menæchmi*, by W. W. (Warner), published in 1595, which it is possible Shakspeare may have seen in manuscript, but from the circumstance of the brothers being, in the folio of 1623, occasionally styled *Antipholus Erotus* or *Errotis*, and *Antipholus Sereptus*, perhaps for *Surreptus* and *Erraticus*,

while in Warner's translation the brothers are named Menæchmus *Sosicles* and Menæchmus *the traveller*; it is concluded that he was not the poet's authority. It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the contending opinions of the critics, but the general impression upon my mind is that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakspeare. Dr. Drake thinks it 'is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts, a combination of which may be found in the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style.' We may conclude with Schlegel's dictum that 'this is the best of all written or possible Menæchmi; and if the piece is inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakspeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials.'

Malone first placed the date of this piece in 1593, or 1596, but lastly in 1592. Chalmers plainly showed that it should be ascribed to the early date of 1591. It was neither printed nor entered on the Stationers' books until it appeared in the folio of 1623.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin Brothers and Attendants on the  
DROMIO of Syracuse, } two Antipholuses.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, { twin brothers and sons to Ægeon  
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, { and Æmilia, but unknown to  
each other.

BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, her servant.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officer, and other Attendants.*

*Ægeon.*

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders<sup>1</sup> to redeem their lives,  
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:  
Nay, more,  
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen  
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,

<sup>1</sup> A *gilder* was a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings.

Again, If any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort; when your words are  
done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departedst from thy native home;  
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been imposed,  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:  
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
Was wrought by nature<sup>2</sup>, not by vile offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracusa was I born: and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;  
And the<sup>3</sup> great care of goods at random left,  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:  
From whom my absence was not six months old,  
Before herself (almost at fainting, under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear),  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
There she had not been long, but she became

<sup>2</sup> i. e. natural affection.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads *he*: the emendation is Malone's. It is  
a happy restoration; for the manner in which Steevens pointed  
this passage gave to it a confused if not an absurd meaning.



A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,  
A poor<sup>4</sup> mean woman was delivered  
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return :  
Unwilling I agreed ; alas ! too soon.  
We came aboard :  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
Before the always wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragick instance<sup>5</sup> of our harm :  
But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us :  
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.

<sup>4</sup> The word *poor* was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

<sup>5</sup> *Instance* appears to be used here for *symptom* or *prognostic*.  
Shakspeare uses this word with very great latitude.



The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;  
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships from far making amain to us,  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;  
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us!  
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
 Which being violently borne upon<sup>6</sup>,  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
 So that in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
 And in our sight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave healthful<sup>7</sup> welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;

<sup>6</sup>st folio reads 'borne up.'

and folio altered this to 'helpful welcome:' but unnecessary. A *healthful* welcome is a kind welcome, due to their guests. It was not a *helpful* welcome, for the wreck of their bark prevented them from rendering assist-

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—  
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
 Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy<sup>8</sup>, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother; and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant (for<sup>9</sup> his case was like,  
 Reft of his brother, but<sup>10</sup> retain'd his name),  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
 mark'd  
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

<sup>8</sup> It appears, from what goes before, that it was the *eldest*, and not the *youngest*. He says, 'My wife, more careful of the latter born,' &c.

<sup>9</sup> The first folio reads *so*; the second for.

<sup>10</sup> The personal pronoun *he* is suppressed: such phraseology is not unfrequent in the writings of that age.

But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
But to our honour's great disparagement,  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
To seek thy help by beneficial help :  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live ; if not<sup>11</sup>, then thou art doom'd to die :—  
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend<sup>12</sup>,  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A publick Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse,  
and a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

<sup>11</sup> No, which is the reading of the first folio, was anciently  
*ten used for not.* The second folio reads *not.*

<sup>12</sup> *Go.*

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit DRO. S.*]

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain<sup>1</sup>, sir; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart:  
And afterwards consort<sup>2</sup> you till bed-time;  
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds<sup>3</sup> himself:  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date<sup>4</sup>,—  
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

<sup>1</sup> That is, a faithful slave. It is the French sense of the word.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. 'accompany you.' In this line the emphasis must be laid on *time*, at the end of the line, to preserve the metre.

<sup>3</sup> *Confounded*, here, does not signify *destroyed*, as Malone asserts; but *overwhelmed, mixed confusedly together, lost*.

<sup>4</sup> They were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master.

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit :  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray ;  
Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o'Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;—  
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :  
I from my mistress come to you in post ;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed ;  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock<sup>5</sup>,  
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out  
of season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir ? why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

Il me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

<sup>5</sup> *old copy reads cook.* The emendation is Pope's.



*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from  
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;  
Or I shall break that merry sconce<sup>6</sup> of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.—  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress,  
slave, hast thou?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,  
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake,  
hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO E.*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>7</sup> of all my money.  
They say, this town is full of cozenage<sup>8</sup>:

<sup>6</sup> *Sconce* is head. So in *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1:—'Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the *sconce*.' A *sconce* signified a blockhouse, or strong fortification, 'for the most part round, in fashion of a head,' says *Blount*. I suppose that it was anciently used for a *lantern* also, on account of the round form of that implement.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. overreached.

<sup>8</sup> This was the character which the ancients gave of it. 'Εφεστια ἀλεξίφαρμακα was proverbial among them. Thus *Menander*

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;  
 Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;  
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;  
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
 And many such like liberties of sin<sup>9</sup>:  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;  
 I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A publick Place.*

*Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner;  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:  
 Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
 They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o'door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> ἑφεσια γράμματα in the same sense. The hint for the  
 ration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare might have received from  
 næchmi, published in English in 1595.

at is licentious actions, sinful liberties.

ie meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse  
 idle must bear the lash, and that woe is the punishment of  
 ing liberty.

There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,  
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :  
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
 Are their males' subjects, and at their controls :  
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,  
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
 Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear  
 some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where<sup>2</sup>?

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she  
 pause<sup>3</sup>;

They can be meek, that have no other cause<sup>4</sup>.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience<sup>5</sup> would'st relieve me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd<sup>6</sup> patience in thee will be left.

<sup>2</sup> ' Elsewhere, *other where* ; in another place, *alibi*,' says Baret.  
 The sense is, ' How if your husband fly off in pursuit of some  
 other woman ?'

<sup>3</sup> *To pause is to rest*, to be quiet.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *no cause* to be otherwise.

<sup>5</sup> That is, by urging me to patience which affords no help. So  
 in *Venus and Adonis* :—

' As those poor birds that *helpless* berries saw.'

<sup>6</sup> '*Fool-begg'd* patience' is that *patience* which is so near to  
*idiotical simplicity*, that you might be represented to be a fool,  
 and your guardianship *begg'd* accordingly.



*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—  
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and  
that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st  
thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:  
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not  
feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too  
well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that  
I could scarce understand them<sup>7</sup>.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?  
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's  
stark mad;

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:  
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
*Your meat doth burn*, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
*Will you come home*<sup>8</sup>? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?*  
*The pig*, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:  
*My mistress, sir*, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;  
*I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress*<sup>9</sup>!

<sup>7</sup> i. e. scarce stand under them. This quibble is repeated in  
the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

————— 'My staff understands me.'

<sup>8</sup> *Home* is not in the old copy: it was supplied to complete the  
by Capell.

<sup>9</sup> *We have an equally unmetrical line in the first Act:—*

*'Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day.'*

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:

*I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—*  
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;  
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?  
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round<sup>10</sup> with you, as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus?  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:  
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look<sup>11</sup>.  
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:  
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

<sup>10</sup> He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies spherical, as applied to himself; and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, as regards his mistress. The King in Hamlet desires the Queen to be *round* with her son.

<sup>11</sup> So in Shakspeare's Sonnets, the forty-seventh and seventy-fifth:—

‘When that mine eye is *famish’d* for a look.’

‘Sometimes all full with feeding on his sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look.’

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:  
 What ruins are in me, that can be found  
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
 Of my defeatures<sup>12</sup>: My decayed fair<sup>13</sup>  
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:  
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,  
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale<sup>14</sup>.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;  
 Or else, what lets<sup>15</sup> it but he would be here?  
 Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—  
 'Would, that alone alone he would detain,

<sup>12</sup> *Defeat* and *defeature* were used for disfigurement or alteration of features. Cotgrave has 'Un visage desfaict: *Growne very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour.*'

It occurs again in the last act; and is also used by the poet in his *Venus* and *Adonis*:—

'To mingle beauty with deformity,  
 And pure perfection with impure *defeature*.'

The word is so expressive, that it is surprising that it has fallen into disuse. It is, I believe, peculiar to Shakspeare in this sense; though *defeature* is used for discomfiture, *defeat*, overthrow, by others.

<sup>13</sup> *Fair*, strictly speaking, is not used here for *fairness*, as Steevens supposed; but for *beauty*. Shakspeare has often employed it in this sense, without any relation to *whiteness of skin* or *complexion*. The use of the substantive instead of the adjective, in this instance, is not peculiar to him; but the common practice of his contemporaries. Marston, in one of his *Satires*, says:—

'As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*  
 Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.'

<sup>14</sup> Though Shakspeare sometimes uses *stale* for a decoy or bait, I do not think that he meant it here; or that Adriana can mean to call herself his *stalking horse*. Probably she means she is *thrown aside, forgotten, cast off*, become *stale* to him. The dictionaries, in voce *Exoletus*, countenance this explanation.

<sup>15</sup> *Hinders*.

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !  
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,  
That others touch, yet often touching will  
Wear gold : and no man, that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.  
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,  
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
I sent him from the mart : See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur ? you receiv'd no gold ?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?  
My house was at the Phoenix ? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir ? when spake I such  
a word ?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour  
since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt ;  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner ;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein :  
What means this jest ? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the  
teeth ?

Think'st thou, I jest ? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake : now your jest  
is earnest :

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours<sup>1</sup>.  
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,  
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.  
If you will jest with me, know my aspect<sup>2</sup>,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it ? so you would leave  
battering, I had rather have it a head : an you use  
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,  
and insconce<sup>3</sup> it too ; or else I shall seek my wit in  
my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten ?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know ?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir ; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why ?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore ; for, they say,  
every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me ; and then,  
wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. intrude on them when you please.

<sup>2</sup> Study my countenance.

<sup>3</sup> A sconce was a fortification ; to insconce was to hide, to pro-  
with a fort.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you cholerick<sup>4</sup>, and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery<sup>5</sup>?

<sup>4</sup> So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

‘I tell thee, Kate, ’twas burnt and dried away,  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders *choler*, planteth anger.’

<sup>5</sup> This is another instance of Shakspeare's acquaintance with technical law terms.



*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful-an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men<sup>6</sup> in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit<sup>7</sup>.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair<sup>8</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing<sup>9</sup>.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads *them*: the emendation is Theobald's.

<sup>7</sup> The following lines 'Upon [Suckling's] Aglaura, printed in folio,' may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:—

'This great voluminous pamphlet may be said  
To be like one that hath more hair than head;  
More excrement than body:—trees which sprout  
With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit.'

*Parnassus Biceps.* 1656.

Shakespeare too frequently alludes to this loss of hair by a disease. It seems to have been a joke that pleased him, and ably tickled his auditors.

*False*, as a verb, has been long obsolete; but it was current in Shakespeare's time. Thus in *King Edward IV.* 1626:—

'*False*d her faith, and brake her wedlock bands.'

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en<sup>10</sup> no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts<sup>11</sup> us yonder!

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.*

*The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow That never words were musick to thine ear<sup>12</sup>,*

*That never object pleasing in thine eye,*

*That never touch well welcome to thy hand,*

*That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,*

*Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.*

*How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,*

*That thou art then estranged from thyself?*

*Thyself I call it, being strange to me,*

*That, undividable, incorporate,*

*Am better than thy dear self's better part.*

*Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;*

*For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall<sup>13</sup>*

<sup>10</sup> The old copy, by mistake, has *in*.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *beckons* us. So in *Hamlet* :—

' *It wafts* me still :—go on, I'll follow thee.'

<sup>12</sup> Imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon* :—

' My musick then you could for ever hear,  
And all my words were musick to your ear.'

<sup>13</sup> *Fall* is here a verb active. So in *Othello* :—

' Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.'



A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
 Without addition, or diminishing,  
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,  
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow?  
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:  
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted<sup>14</sup> by thy contagion.  
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;  
 I live disstain'd<sup>15</sup>, thou undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know  
 you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk;  
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with  
 you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
 Sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*S.* By Dromio?

*S.* By me?

Shakespeare is not singular in the use of this verb. So in  
 Gold's Iron Age, 1632:—

'By this aduress basely *strumpeted*.'  
*n'd.*

*Adr.* By thee: and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compâct?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words  
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,  
Unless it be by inspiration?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt<sup>16</sup>,  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine<sup>17</sup>:

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *separated, parted*. Shakspeare uses the word in the first part of King Henry VI. Act ii. Sc. 4, in a similar sense:—

‘And by his treason stand’st thou not attained,

Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?

Malone has given an instance of a similar use of the word from a letter of the Earl of Nottingham’s in favour of Edward Alleyn: ‘Scituate in a very remote and *exempte* place near Goulding Lane,’ &c. So in *The Triumph of Honour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

‘———— lest for contempt

They fix you there a rock whence they’re *exempt*.’

<sup>17</sup> So Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, b. v.:—

‘———— They led the *vine*

To wed her *elm*. She spous’d about him twines

Her marriageable arms.’

Thus also in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*:—

‘———— the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.’

Mr. Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the parasite plants here named *its concubines*. See also Ovid’s tale of *Verumnus and Pomona*.

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate:  
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle<sup>18</sup> moss:  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves me for  
 her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd<sup>19</sup> fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
 This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites<sup>20</sup>;  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
 Dromio, thou drone<sup>21</sup>, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *unfruitful*. So in Othello:—

‘—— antres vast, and deserts *idle*.’

<sup>19</sup> The old copy reads *freed*; which is evidently wrong, perhaps a corruption of *proffered* or *offer'd*.

<sup>20</sup> Theobald changed *owls* to *oupes* in this passage most unwarrantably. It was those ‘*unlucking birds*,’ the striges or *screech-owls*, which are meant. It has been asked, ‘how should Shakspeare know that screech-owls were considered by the Romans as witches?’ Do these cavillers think that Shakspeare never looked into a book? Take an extract from the Cambridge Latin Dictionary, 1594, 8vo. probably the very book he used. ‘*Strix*, a *scritche owle*; an unluckie kind of bird (as they of old time said) *which sucked out the blood of infants lying in their cradles*; a witch, that changeth the favour of children; *an hagge or fairie*.’ So in The London Prodigal, a comedy, 1605:—‘Soul, I think I am crossed or *witch'd with an owl*.’ The epithet *elvish* is not first folio; but the second has *elves*, which was probably for *elvish*.

The old copy reads ‘Dromio, thou *Dromio*.’ The emendation of Theobald’s.

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am not I?

*Ant. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.  
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—  
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive<sup>22</sup> you of a thousand idle pranks:  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!  
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate!

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>22</sup> i. e. call you to confession.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all :

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours :  
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,  
To see the making of her carcanet<sup>1</sup>,  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villain, that would face me down  
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;  
And that I did deny my wife and house :—  
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know :

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

<sup>1</sup> A *carcanet* or chain for a lady's neck; a collar or chain of 'd and precious stones; from the French *carcan*. It was sometimes spelled *karkanet* and *quarquenet*.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray  
God, our cheer  
May answer my good will, and your good welcome  
here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your  
welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,  
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl  
affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's  
nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a  
merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing  
guest;

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,  
Jen'!

*Dro. S.* [*within.*] Mome<sup>2</sup>, malt-horse, capon,  
coxcomb, idiot, patch<sup>3</sup>!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:  
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for  
such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the  
door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My  
master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest  
he catch cold on's feet.

<sup>2</sup> A *mome* was a fool or foolish jester. *Momar* is used by Plautus for a fool; whence the French *monneur*. The Greeks too had *μομος* and *μορμος* in the same sense.

<sup>3</sup> *Patch* was a term of contempt often applied to persons of low condition, and sometimes applied to a fool. Vide *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

*Ant. E.* Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe<sup>4</sup>?

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*within.*] What a coil<sup>5</sup> is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* 'Faith, no; he comes too late:

And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope<sup>6</sup>?

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

<sup>4</sup> I own, am owner of.

<sup>5</sup> Bustle, tumult.

<sup>6</sup> It seems probable that a line following this has been lost; in which Luce might be threatened with a rope; which would have furnished the rhyme now wanting. In a subsequent scene Dromio is ordered to go and buy a rope's end, for the purpose of tying it on Adriana and her confederates.

*Dro. S.* And you said, no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* Let him knock till it ake.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

*Adr.* [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part<sup>7</sup> with neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> Have part.

<sup>8</sup> A proverbial phrase, meaning to be so overreached by soul and secret practices.



*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*Dro. S.* It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

*Dro. E.* Here is too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together<sup>9</sup>.

*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once<sup>10</sup> this; your long experience of her wisdom,

<sup>9</sup> The same quibble is to be found in one of the comedies of Plautus. Children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus, in *The Captives*, mentions, and says that, for his part, he had *tantum upupam*. *Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument with which stone was dug from the quarries.

<sup>10</sup> *Once* this; here means *once for all*; *at once*. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, vol. ii. p. 129, note 35. I see no reason for supposing this passage corrupt, with Malone. Numberless examples may be adduced of the use of *once* in this sense. It is so used

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time the doors are made<sup>11</sup> against you.  
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:  
And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
And that supposed by the common rout  
Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
That may with foul intrusion enter in, -  
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
For slander lives upon succession;  
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,  
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.  
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—  
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—  
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
My wife (but, I protest, without desert),  
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
And fetch the chain; by this<sup>12</sup>, I know, 'tis made:  
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow  
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)  
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:

by Massinger and Ben Jonson. Thus also Sir Philip Sydney, in his *Arcadia*, b. i. :—'Some perchance loving my estate, others my person. But *once*, I know all of them.'

<sup>11</sup> i. e. made fast. The expression is still in use in some counties.

<sup>12</sup> By this time.

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous<sup>1</sup>?  
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more  
kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:

<sup>1</sup> In the old copy the first four lines stand thus:—

‘And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love in *buildings* grow so *ruinate*?’

The present emendation was proposed by Steevens, though he admitted Theobald's into his own text. *Love-springs* are the *buds of love*, or rather the *young shoots*. ‘The *spring*, or young shoots that grow out of the stems or roots of trees.’ BARET. Again: ‘To branch out, to shoot out *young springes*.’ SHAKESPEARE uses it again in his *Venus and Adonis*:—

‘This canker that eats up love's tender *spring*.’

And in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

‘To dry the old oak's sap and cherish *springs*.’

That love is gradually built up, and that the lover's bosom is the mansion where this sovereign deity resides, was a favourite notion with the poet. Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

‘O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
Lest, growing *ruinous*, the building fall.’

He has similar allusions in *Antony and Cleopatra* and in *Troilus and Cressida*.

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:

Be secret-false; What need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attain?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but<sup>2</sup> believe,

Being compact of credit<sup>3</sup>, that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain<sup>4</sup>,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress (what your name is else,

I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine),

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show  
not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *not*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. being *made* altogether of credulity.

<sup>4</sup> *Vain* is light of tongue.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline<sup>5</sup>.  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid<sup>6</sup>, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs<sup>7</sup>,  
And as a bed<sup>8</sup> I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think  
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—  
Let love being light, be drowned if she sink<sup>9</sup>!

*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated<sup>10</sup>; how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun,  
being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear  
your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on  
night.

<sup>5</sup> 'To decline; to turne, or hang toward some place or thing.'

BARET.

<sup>6</sup> Mermaid for siren.

<sup>7</sup> So in Macbeth:—

'His silver skin laced with his golden blood.'

<sup>8</sup> The first folio reads:—

'And as a *bud* I'll take thee, and there lie;'

Which Malone thus explains:—'I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or other flower,' and there

"Involved in fragrance, burn and die."

It appears to me that the context requires that we should read *bed*, with the second folio. Edwards proposed to read:—

'And as a *bed* I'll take *them* (i. e. the waves), and there lie,' &c.

<sup>9</sup> Malone says that by *love* here is meant the *queen of love*. In Venus and Adonis, Venus, speaking of herself, says:

'Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,

Not gross to sink, but *light*, and will aspire.'

<sup>10</sup> *Mated* means *matched with a wife*, and *confounded*. A quibble is intended.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim<sup>11</sup>,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim<sup>12</sup> thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit LUC.*]

*Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,  
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. all the happiness I wish for on earth, and all that I claim from heaven hereafter.

<sup>12</sup> The old copy reads *I am* thee. The present reading is Steevens's. Others have proposed *I mean* thee: but *aim* for *aim* at was sometimes used; as in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:—

'*I make my changes aim one certain end?*'

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence<sup>13</sup>: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage?

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart<sup>14</sup>, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

<sup>13</sup> This is a very old corruption of *save reverence*, *salva reverentia*. See Blount's Glossography, 1682. 'To speake words of reverence before, as when we say, *saving your worship*, *saving your reverence*, and such like.' BARET.—Shakspeare has very properly put this corruption into the mouth of Dromio.

<sup>14</sup> *Swart*, or *swarth*, i. e. *dark*,  *dusky*, *infuscus*. Steevens says, '*black*, or rather of a dark brown:' but hear Shakspeare, King Henry VI. Part I.:—

'And whereas I was black and *swart* before.'

Malone says, 'Mr. Steevens's first definition is right. *Swart* is a Dutch word; and the Dutch call a blackamoor a *swart*!' It is certainly a Dutch word; but it is an *English* word also, and unquestionably not derived from the Dutch. It runs through all the northern dialects; we have it from the Saxon *sweart*, or the Gothic *swarts*.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip<sup>15</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand<sup>16</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir<sup>17</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

<sup>15</sup> This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger in *The Old Law*.

<sup>16</sup> Had this play been revived after the accession of James, it is probable that this passage would have been struck out; as was that relative to the Scotch lord in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>17</sup> 'An equivoque,' says Theobald, 'is intended. In 1589, Henry III. of France, being stabbed, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he had appointed his successor; but whose claim the states of France resisted on account of his being a protestant. This I take to be what is meant by France making war against her heir. Elizabeth had sent over the Earl of Essex with four thousand men to the assistance of Henry of Navarre, in 1591. This oblique sneer at France was therefore a compliment to the poet's royal mistress.' The other allusion is not of a nature to admit of explanation.



*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks<sup>18</sup> to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd<sup>19</sup> to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith<sup>20</sup>, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel<sup>21</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;  
And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.  
If every one knows us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.

<sup>18</sup> *Carracks*, large ships of burthen; *caraca*, Span. *Ballast* is merely a contraction of *balassed*; to *balase* being the old orthography: as we write *dress* for *dressed*, *emboss* for *embossed*, &c.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. affianced.

<sup>20</sup> Alluding to the popular belief that a great share of *faith* was a protection from witchcraft.

<sup>21</sup> A turnspit.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
 Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,  
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
 But, lest myself be guilty to<sup>22</sup> self-wrong,  
 I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;  
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine<sup>23</sup>:  
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What, please yourself, sir; I have made it  
 for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you  
 have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;  
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
 And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
 For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

<sup>22</sup> Pope, not understanding sufficiently the phraseology of Shakspeare, altered this to *guilty of self-wrong*. But *guilty to* was the construction of that age. So in the *Winter's Tale*:—

'But as the unthought of accident is *guilty*  
 To what we wildly do.'

<sup>23</sup> Porcupine throughout the old editions of these plays is written *porpentine*. I find it written *porpyn* in an old phrase book, called *Hormanni Vulgaria*, 1519, thus: '*Porpyns* have longer prickels than Yrchins.' But it is also spelt thus in *Hulloet's Dictionary*, 1552. Of the later dictionaries, *BARET* has it *porcupine*, and *COOPER porkepyne*. As *porpyn*, from the abbreviated sound of *porc-espine*, was the old name, it is probable that in the popular language of the time, *porpentine* was used for *porcupine*.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.  
[*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell;  
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;  
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is growing<sup>1</sup> to me by Antipholus:  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same:  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of  
Ephesus from the Courtezan's.*

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he  
comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go  
thou

<sup>1</sup> i. e. accruing.

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her<sup>2</sup> confederates,  
For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone:  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy  
rope! [Exit DROMIO.

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up, that trusts to you.  
I promised your presence, and the chain;  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note,  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;  
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town:  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;  
Perchance, I will<sup>3</sup> be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her your-  
self?

*Ant. E.* No! bear it with you, lest I come not  
time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about  
you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have:  
Or else you may return without your money.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads *their*.

<sup>3</sup> *I will* for *I shall* is a Scotticism; but it is not unfrequent in  
old writers on this side of the Tweed.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance, to  
excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :  
I should have chid you for not bringing it.  
But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, despatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he impórtunes me ; the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send by me some token<sup>4</sup>.

*Ant. E.* Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance ;  
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

*Ang.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.

<sup>4</sup> Malone has a very long note on this passage, in which he says : ' it was not Angelo's meaning, that Antipholus of Ephesus should send a *jewel* or other token *by him*, but that Antipholus should send him with a verbal token to his wife, by which it might be ascertained that he came from Antipholus ; and that she might safely pay the price of the chain.' In the name of common sense, what does this prove ?—Can it signify whether the token Angelo wishes Antipholus to send *by him* was to be verbal or material ? Tokens were common in Shakspeare's time of many kinds ; there were *tavern tokens*, which were counters of lead or leather. There were *written tokens* or *billes*, as they were then called, ' given to men by which they might receive a certain sum of money,' &c. Such a one Angelo probably requires.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation:  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage<sup>5</sup>, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

<sup>5</sup> Freight, cargo.

*Ant. E.* How now! a madman! Why thou peevish<sup>6</sup> sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage<sup>7</sup>.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope; And told thee to what purpose and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me, for a rope's end as soon: You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure, And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Mer. ANG. Officer, and ANT. E.*]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd, Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

<sup>6</sup> *Peevish* was used for *mad*, or *foolish*. Shakspeare has it again in this sense in King Henry V.—'What a wretched *peevish* fellow is this King of England to mope with his fat brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge.' Again in Cymbeline:—'Desire my man's abode where I did leave him: he is strange and *peevish*.' There are numerous other examples. I believe it is always used in this sense by Shakspeare, and by most of his cotemporaries. Minshew explains *peevish* by *foolish*. And long before, in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519, we have: 'A *pyvyshe* wytted felowe, Deliri capitis homo,' p. 64. See the old Latin dictionaries in *v. Insania*.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. carriage; *hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.**Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?*Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?**Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face<sup>1</sup>?**Luc.* First, he denied you had in him no right<sup>2</sup>.*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my  
spite.*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he  
were.*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.*Adr.* And what said he?*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might  
move.*First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.**Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to those meteors which have sometimes been thought to resemble armies meeting in the shock of battle. The following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost* best explains it:

'As when to warn proud cities, war appears  
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds, before each van  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.'

<sup>2</sup> This double negative had the force of a stronger asseveration in the phraseology of that age. So in *King Richard III*;

'You may *deny* that God were *not* the cause  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.'



*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere<sup>3</sup>.  
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
Stigmatical in making<sup>4</sup>, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:  
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away<sup>5</sup>;  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet  
now, make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than hell:  
A devil in an everlasting garment<sup>6</sup> hath him,  
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
A fiend, a fairy<sup>7</sup>, pitiless and rough;

<sup>3</sup> Dry, withered.

<sup>4</sup> Marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity.

<sup>5</sup> This expression, which appears to have been proverbial, is again alluded to in *Measure for Measure*, Act i. S. 5, p. 18. See note there.

<sup>6</sup> The buff or leather jerkin of the sergeant is called an *everlasting garment*, because it was so durable. So in *King Henry IV. Part I.*—'And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of *durance*. Thus also in Davies's Epigrams:

'Kate being pleas'd, wish'd that her pleasure could  
Endure as long as a buff jerkin would.'

It appears probable that there was also a kind of stuff called *durance*. See note on *King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.*

<sup>7</sup> Theobald would read a *fury*; but a *fairy*, in Shakspeare's time, sometimes meant a malevolent sprite, and coupled as it is with *pitiless* and *rough*, the meaning is clear.

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands<sup>8</sup>;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well<sup>9</sup>;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell<sup>10</sup>.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter? he is 'rested on the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But is<sup>11</sup> in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

*Adr.* Go, fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit LUCIANA.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band<sup>12</sup>?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

<sup>8</sup> The first folio reads, *lans*. Shakspeare would have put *lanes* but for the sake of the rhyme.

<sup>9</sup> 'To hunt or run counter signifies that the hounds or beagles hunt it by the heel,' i. e. run backward, mistaking the course of the game. To draw dry foot was to follow the scent or track of the game. There is a quibble upon counter, which points at the prison so called.

<sup>10</sup> *Hell* was the cant term for prison. There was a place of this name under the Exchequer, where the king's debtors were confined.

<sup>11</sup> Thus the old authentic copy. The omission of the personal pronoun was formerly very common: we should now write *he's*.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. a bond. Shakspeare takes advantage of the old spelling to produce a quibble.

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.  
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O yes, If any hour meet a sergeant, a'turns  
back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost  
thou reason?

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more  
than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,  
That time comes, stealing on by night and day?

If he<sup>13</sup> be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it  
straight;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit<sup>14</sup>;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me  
As if I were their well acquainted friend<sup>1</sup>;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me;  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;  
Some offer me commodities to buy:  
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

<sup>13</sup> The old copy reads, 'If I, &c.'

<sup>14</sup> Fanciful conception.

<sup>1</sup> This actually happened to Sir H. Wotton when on his travels. See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685, p. 676.

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.  
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for:  
 What, have you got the picture of old Adam new  
 apparell'd<sup>2</sup>?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? what Adam dost thou  
 mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,  
 but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes  
 in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he  
 that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and  
 bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went  
 like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir,  
 that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,  
 and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed  
 men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets  
 up his rest<sup>3</sup> to do more exploits with his mace than  
 a morris-pike<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Theobald reads, 'What, have you got *rid of* the picture of old Adam?' The emendation is approved and adopted by Malone; but I think, with Johnson, that the text does not require interpolation. Malone wished that Johnson had shown 'how the text is intelligible without it.' The sergeant is designated by '*the picture of old Adam*' because he wore buff, as Adam wore his native buff; and Dromio asks Antipholus if he had *got* him *new apparell'd*, i. e. got him a new *suit*, in other words got rid of him.

<sup>3</sup> This unfortunate phrase is again mistaken here by all the commentators. It has nothing to do with a *musket rest*; and the *rest of a pike* is a thing of the imagination. It is a metaphorical expression for being *determined, or resolutely bent to do a thing*, taken from the game of Primero. Vide All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. 1. vol. iii. p. 249, note 22.

<sup>4</sup> A *morris pike* is a *moorish pike*, commonly used in the 16th century. It was not used in the morris dance, as Johnson erroneously supposed.

*Ant. S.* What? thou mean'st an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band: one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest.*

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night? and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay; Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;  
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not:

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;  
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench;  
and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.  
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here<sup>5</sup>.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> Probably by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market.

<sup>6</sup> This proverb is alluded to again in the *Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 50:—'He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon.'

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood<sup>7</sup>, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*]

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain!

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad

(Besides this present instance of his rage),

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

<sup>7</sup> In *The Witch*, by Middleton, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims:

'There's one come down to fetch his dues,  
A kisse, a coll, a sip of blood,' &c.



Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now, to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not man, I will not break away;  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:  
And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.  
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them  
all<sup>1</sup>.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir: and to that end am  
I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.  
[Beating him.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. punish them all by corporal correction. Falstaff says, in King Henry IV. Part I. 'I have pepper'd the rogues; two of hem, I'm sure, I've pay'd.'

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears<sup>2</sup>. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan,  
with PINCH<sup>3</sup>, and others.

*Ant. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*<sup>4</sup>, respect your

<sup>2</sup> Long from frequent pulling.

<sup>3</sup> In the old copy—'and a schoolmaster, called Pinch.' As learning was necessary for an exorcist, the schoolmaster was often employed. Within a very few years, in country villages the pedagogue was still a reputed conjurer.

<sup>4</sup> Buchanan wrote a pamphlet against the Lord of Liddington, which ends with these words: *respice finem, respice funem*. Shakespeare's quibble may be borrowed from this. The parrot's pro-



end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Be-ware the rope's end.*

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy<sup>5</sup>!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;  
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers<sup>6</sup>?

phesy may be understood by means of the following lines in *Hudibras*:—

‘ Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
That speak and think contrary clean;  
What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
When they cry *rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*.’

<sup>5</sup> This *tremor* was anciently thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban in the *Tempest* says—  
‘ Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling*.’

<sup>6</sup> ‘ A customer,’ says Malone, ‘ is used in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women.’ It is surprising that a man like Malone, whose life had been devoted to the study and elucidation of Shakspeare, should so often seem ignorant of the language of the poet's time. A *customer* was a *familiar*, an *intimate*, a *customary haunter of any place*; as any of the old dictionaries would have shown him

Did this companion<sup>7</sup> with a saffron face  
 Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
 Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
 And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O, husband, God doth know you din'd at  
 home,  
 Where 'would, you had remain'd until this time,  
 Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st  
 thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at  
 home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I  
 shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy<sup>8</sup>, your doors were lock'd, and  
 you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and  
 scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal  
 scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity you did;—my bones bear wit-  
 ness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,  
 And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

under the word *consuetudo* or *custom*. It is true that in *Othello*,  
 and in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Shakspeare has used the word  
 to signify a common woman; i. e. one *familiar* with any man.  
 This was a popular application of the word. In *Udal's* transla-  
 tion of *Erasmus's* *Apophthegms*, p. 55, we have it applied to a  
 man as Shakspeare has done here:—'Aristippus was a *customer*  
 of one *Lais*, a notable misliving woman.'

<sup>7</sup> *Companion* is a word of contempt, anciently used as we now  
 use *fellow*.

<sup>8</sup> A corruption of the common French oath *par diu*.

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dro. E.* Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her, that she did.

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[PINCH and his assistants bind ANT. and DRO.]

*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

*Pinch.* More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

*Luc.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler,  
thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

*Off.* Masters, let him go;  
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish<sup>9</sup> officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go,  
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O most unhappy<sup>10</sup> strumpet!

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou  
mad me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,  
Good master; cry, the devil.—

*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with  
me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT.  
and DRO.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

<sup>9</sup> Vide before, p. 172, note 6.

<sup>10</sup> Unhappy for unlucky, i. e. mischievous.



Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),  
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it:—  
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords; let's call  
more help,

To have them bound again.

*Off.* Away, they'll kill us.  
[*Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.*

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran  
from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff<sup>11</sup>  
from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will  
surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair,  
give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle na-  
tion, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that  
claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to  
stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>11</sup> i. e. baggage. *Stuff* is the genuine old English word for all moveables. 'Baggage,' says Baret, 'is borrowed of the French, and signifyeth all such *stuffe* as may hinder or trouble us in warre or traveling, being not worth carriage, *impedimenta*.' Thus Lord Bacon:—'I cannot call riches better than the *baggage* of virtue; the Romane word *impedimenta* is better; for as the baggage is to an armie, so is riches to vertue: it cannot be spared, nor left behind; but it hindreth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory.'

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly:  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

*Ant. S.* I think, I had; I never did deny it.

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear  
thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is  
mad;—

Some get within him<sup>1</sup>, take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a  
house<sup>2</sup>.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Excunt ANTIPH. and DRO. to the Priory.*]

*Enter the Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you  
hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much different from the man he was;  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of  
sea?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. close, grapple with him.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. go into a house: we still say that a dog *takes* the water.

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy<sup>3</sup> of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

<sup>3</sup> 'The COPY,' says Steevens, 'that is, the *theme*. We still talk of setting *copies* for boys!' Surely a boy's *copy* is not a *theme*? and that word occurs again in the fourth line of this speech. 'Our poet frequently uses *copy* for *pattern*,' says Malone. So in Twelfth Night:—'And leave the world no *copy*.' I believe Malone's *frequently* may be reduced to two other instances, one in Henry V. and another in a sonnet. I am persuaded that *copy* in the present instance neither means *theme* nor *pattern*, but *copie*, *plenty*, *copious source*, an old latinism, many times used by Ben Jonson. So Puttenham in his Arte of Poesie, 1589, book i. ch. 14:—'Cicero,' said Roscius, 'contended with him by varietie of lively gestures to surmount the *copy* (i. e. copiousness) of his speech.' So Cooper in his dictionary:—'*Copiose et abundanter loqui*, to use his words with great *copie* and abundance of eloquence.' The word is spelt *copie* in the folio; and in King Henry V. where it means *pattern*, *example*, it is spelt *copy*. But the sense of the passage here will show that my interpretation is right. Mr. Gifford is correct in saying that the word was not introduced by Jonson; it is to be found in Horman's *Vulgaris*, printed in 1519. The latest vocabulary in which I find it is Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616, of which there are later editions. It is not in Philips's Dictionary. 'Luckily,' says Mr. Gifford, 'its uncouthness has long since banished it from the language which it only served to stiffen and deform.'



Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;  
 In company, I often glanced it ;  
 Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And therefore came it, that the man was mad :  
 The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
 Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
 It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing :  
 And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
 Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :  
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;  
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?  
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls ;  
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody and dull melancholy,  
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair) ;  
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop<sup>4</sup>  
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast ;  
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—  
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

<sup>4</sup> I think that there is no doubt that this passage has suffered by incorrect printing ; I am not satisfied with it, even with the parenthesis in which the third line is enclosed by Steevens. The second line evidently wants a word of two syllables, and I feel inclined to read the passage thus :—

' Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody [madness] and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsmen to grim and comfortless despair ;  
 And at *their* heels a huge infectious troop ?'

Heath proposed a similar emendation, but placed *moping* where I have placed *madness*. Malone has admitted the reading '*their*' into his text, but for other reasons.

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney<sup>5</sup> but myself;  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,  
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again<sup>6</sup>:  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [Exit Abbess.]

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person

<sup>5</sup> i. e. substitute.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the accustomed forms of sober behaviour. In *Measure for Measure* 'informal women' is used for just the contrary.

Comes this way to the melancholy vale;  
The place of death and sorry<sup>7</sup> execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbeß!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important<sup>8</sup> letters,—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he),  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *dismal*:—‘dismolde and sorrie, atra funestus.’

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *importunate*. Shakspeare uses this word again in *Lear*, and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in the same sense. The poet gives to Ephesus the custom of *wardship*, so long considered a *grievous oppression* in England.

Whilst to take order<sup>9</sup> for the wrongs I went,  
 That here and there his fury had committed.  
 Anon, I wot<sup>10</sup> not by what strong escape,  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chas'd us away; till raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them: then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;  
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!  
 My master and his man<sup>11</sup> are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row<sup>12</sup>, and bound the doctor,  
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;  
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him

<sup>9</sup> i. e. to take measures. So in *Othello*:—

‘Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.’

<sup>10</sup> To wot is to know. *Strong* escape is an escape effected by strength or violence.

<sup>11</sup> *Are* is here inaccurately put for *have*.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. successively, one after another.

Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair :  
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
 His man with scissars nicks him<sup>13</sup> like a fool :  
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here ;  
 And that is false, thou dost report to us.

*Ser.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;  
 I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing : Guard  
 with halberds.

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness you,  
 That he is borne about invisible :  
 Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here ;  
 And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant  
 me justice !

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
 When I bestrid thee in the wars<sup>14</sup>, and took

<sup>13</sup> The heads of fools were shaved, or their hair cut close, as appears by the following passage in *The Choice of Change*, 1598. 'Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head like *fooles*.' Florio explains, '*zuccone*, a shaven pate, a notted poll, a poll-pate, a gull, a *ninnie*.'

<sup>14</sup> This act of friendship is frequently mentioned by Shakespeare. Thus in *King Henry IV.* Part I. :—'Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and *bestride* me so : it is an act of friendship.' Again in *King Henry VI.* Part III. :—

'Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,  
*Three times bestrid him* ; thrice I led him off.'



Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Æge.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury !  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,

While she with harlots<sup>15</sup> feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault : Say, woman, didst thou so ?

*Adr.* No, my good lord ;—myself, he, and my  
sister,

To-day did dine together : So befall my soul,  
As this is false he burdens me withal !

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

*Ang.* O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised<sup>16</sup> what I say ;  
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

<sup>15</sup> *Harlot* was a term anciently applied to a rogue or base person among men, as well as to wantons among women. See Todd's Johnson.

<sup>16</sup> ' I speak with *consideration and circumspectly*, not rashly and precipitately.'

Promising to bring it to the porcupine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;  
And in his company, that gentleman,  
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By the way we met  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates; along with them  
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller;  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man<sup>17</sup>: this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

<sup>17</sup> ' ——— but as a living death,

So *ded alive* of life he drew the breath.'

*Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates.*

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;  
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!  
And this is false, you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—  
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

*Cour.* He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;

I think, you are all mated<sup>18</sup>, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

<sup>18</sup> *Mated* is confounded. See note on *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 1.



Haply I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not your bondman Dromio?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*Æge.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;  
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know  
me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*Æge.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw  
me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed<sup>19</sup> hand  
Have written strange defeatures<sup>20</sup> in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure, thou dost.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and  
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to  
believe him<sup>21</sup>.

*Æge.* Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares<sup>22</sup>?

<sup>19</sup> *Deformed* for *deforming*.

<sup>20</sup> See note on Act ii. Sc. 1, p. 144, note 12.

<sup>21</sup> Dromio delights in a quibble, and the word *bound* has before  
been the subject of his mirth.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice, which is  
*changed* by grief.

Though now this grained<sup>23</sup> face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses<sup>24</sup> (I cannot err);  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,  
Can witness with me that it is not so;  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,  
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much  
wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these: Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master! who hath bound him  
here?

<sup>23</sup> Furrowed, lined.

<sup>24</sup> 'But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience.'

Titus Andronicus, Sc. ult.

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty :  
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :  
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia<sup>25</sup> ;  
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum :  
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right<sup>26</sup> ;  
These two Antipholuses, these two so alike,  
And these two Dromioes, one in semblance<sup>27</sup>,—  
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—  
These are the parents to these children<sup>28</sup>,  
Which accidentally are met together.  
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

<sup>25</sup> In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

<sup>26</sup> The 'morning story' is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.

<sup>27</sup> *Semblance* is here a trisyllable. It appears probable that a line has been omitted here, the import of which may have been :

'These circumstances all concur to prove

*These are the parents,*' &c.

If it began with the word *these* as well as the succeeding one, the error would easily happen.

<sup>28</sup> *Children* is here a trisyllable, it is often spelled as it was pronounced then *childeren*.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town with that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. E.* No, I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother:—What I told you then,

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you, money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my  
good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,



And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—  
 And all that are assembled in this place,  
 That by this sympathized one day's error  
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
 And we shall make full satisfaction.—  
 Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
 Of you, my sons, and till this present hour ;—  
 My heavy burden here delivered<sup>29</sup>.  
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity<sup>30</sup>,  
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go<sup>31</sup> with me ;  
 After so long grief, such nativity !

*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.  
 [*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan,*  
*Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

<sup>29</sup> The old copy reads, erroneously, thus :

'*Thirty-three* years have I but gone in travail  
 Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour  
 My heavy burthen *are* delivered.'

Theobald corrected it in the following manner :

'*Twenty-five* years have I but gone in travail  
 Of you, my sons ; *nor* till this present hour  
 My heavy *burdens* *are* delivered.'

Malone, after much argument, gives it thus :

'Of you, my sons ; *until* this present hour  
 My heavy burden *not* delivered.'

*Thirty-three* years are an evident error for *twenty-five* ; this was corrected by Theobald. The reader will choose between the simple emendation which I have made in the text, and those made by Theobald and Malone.

<sup>30</sup> i. e. the two Dromioes. Antipholus of Syracuse has already called one of them 'the Almanack of my true date.' See note on p. 137, Act 1. Sc. 2.

<sup>31</sup> Heath thought that we should read, 'and joy with me.' Warburton proposed *gaud*, but the old reading is probably right.

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio;

Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon:  
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and ANT. E. ADR. and LUC.*]

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?

*Dro. S.* We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay; then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother:  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before  
another. [Exeunt.]

ON a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them ; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedict says) " fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are informed by Aulus Gellius, Lib. III. Cap. 3, some plays were absolutely ascribed to Plautus, which in truth had only been (*retractatæ et expolitæ*) retouched and polished by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character ; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till the power of affording entertainment is entirely lost.

STEEVENS.



## MACBETH.



*Macduff.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out!

ACT V. SC. 7.

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# Macbeth.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

DR. JOHNSON thought it necessary to prefix to this play an apology for Shakspeare's magic ;—in which he says, ' A poet, who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies.' He then proceeds to defend this transgression upon the ground of the credulity of the poet's age ; when ' the scenes of enchantment, however they may be now ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.' By whom, or when (always excepting *French* criticism), these sublime conceptions were in danger of ridicule, he has not told us ; and I sadly fear that this superfluous apology arose from the misgivings of the great critic's mind. Schlegel has justly remarked that, ' Whether the age of Shakspeare still believed in witchcraft and ghosts, is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which, in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, he has made of preexisting traditions. No superstition can ever be prevalent and widely diffused through ages and nations without having a foundation in human nature : on this foundation the poet builds ; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of a superstition ; that is, not the philosopher who denies and turns into ridicule, but, which is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin to us in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions.'—In another place the same admirable critic says—' Since *The Furies* of *Æschylus*, nothing so grand and terrible has

ever been composed : The Witches, it is true, are not divine Eumenides, and are not intended to be so : they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. They discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class ; for this was the class to which witches were supposed to belong. When, however, they address Macbeth their tone assumes more elevation : their predictions have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments ; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere.' Their agency was necessary ; for natural motives alone would have seemed inadequate to effect such a change as takes place in the nature and dispositions of Macbeth. By this means the poet ' has exhibited a more sublime picture to us : an ambitious but noble hero, who yields to a deep laid hellish temptation ; and all the crimes to which he is impelled by necessity, to secure the fruits of his first crime, cannot altogether eradicate in him the stamp of native heroism.' He has therefore given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The weird sisters surprise Macbeth in the moment of intoxication after his victory, when his love of glory has been gratified ; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what can only in reality be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity for murdering the king immediately offers itself ; Lady Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip ; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has all those sophisms at command that serve to throw a false grandeur over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth ; he is driven to it as it were in a state of commotion, in which his mind is bewildered. Repentance immediately follows ; nay, even precedes the deed ; and the stings of his conscience leave him no rest either night or day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell ; it is truly frightful to behold that Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come, clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence, the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of his way *whatever* to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten

danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to sympathize with the state of his mind ; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities ; and, even in his last defence, we are compelled to admire in him the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience.—The poet wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. Lady Macbeth, who of all the human beings is the most guilty participator in the murder of the king, falls, through the horrors of her conscience, into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease ; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy of dying the death of a hero on the field of battle. Banquo atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted him to wish to know his glorious descendants by an early death, as he thereby rouses Macbeth's jealousy ; but he preserved his mind pure from the bubbles of the witches : his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold during his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of Hamlet: it strides forward with amazing rapidity from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. Thought, and done ! is the general motto ; for, as Macbeth says,

‘ The flighty purpose never is o’ertook  
Unless the deed go with it.’

In every feature we see a vigorous heroic age in the hardy North, which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years, perhaps, according to the story ; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much can be compressed into so narrow a space ; not merely external events—the very innermost recesses of the minds of the persons of the drama are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal the power of this picture in the excitation of horror. We need only allude to the circumstance attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth ; what

can we possibly say on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of Medusa\*.

Shakspeare followed the chronicle of Holinshed, and Holinshed borrowed his narration from the *chronicles of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, from the Latin of Hector Boethius, and first published at Edinburgh in 1541.

'Malcolm the Second, king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm without male issue Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the sister of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german Macbeth in the castle of Inverness about the year 1040 or 1045. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff, according to Boethius in 1061, according to Buchanan in 1057, at which time Edward the Confessor reigned in England.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the serjeant at arms who summoned them, and chose one Macdonwald as their captain. Macdonwald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman (who was lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber) was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdonwald, being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth, on entering the castle, finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno, king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled

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\* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, by A. W. Schlegel, translated by John Black, London, 1815, vol. ii. p. 200.

an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and, after a great slaughter of his troops, he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdonwald and the invasion of Sueno, Shakspeare has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. 'Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed quia *theatris* aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiae, ea omitto.'—*Rerum Scot. Hist. Lib. vii.*

Milton also enumerates the subject among those he considered well suited for tragedy, but it appears that he would have attempted to preserve the unity of time by placing the relation of the murder of Duncan in the mouth of his ghost.

Macbeth is one of the latest, and unquestionably one of the noblest efforts of Shakspeare's genius. Equally impressive in the closet and on the stage, where to witness its representation has been justly pronounced 'the first of all dramatic enjoyments.' Malone places the date of its composition in 1606, and it has been supposed to convey a dexterous and delicate compliment to James the First, who derived his lineage from Banquo, and first united the threefold sceptre of England, Scotland, and Ireland. At the same time the monarch's prejudices on the subject of demonology were flattered by the choice of the story.

It was once thought that Shakspeare derived some hints for his scenes of incantation from *The Witch*, a tragicomedy, by John Middleton, which, after lying long in manuscript, was published about thirty years since by Isaac Reed; but Malone\* has with considerable ingenuity shown that Middleton's drama was most probably written subsequently to Macbeth.

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\* See the chronological order of the plays in the late Variorum Edition, by Mr. Boswell, vol. ii. p. 420.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, } *his Sons.*  
DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's Army.*  
BANQUO, }

MACDUFF, }  
LENOX, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*  
ROSSE, }  
MENTETH, }  
ANGUS, }

CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the  
*English Forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH\*.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches†.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,  
Attendants, and Messengers.

*The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.*

SCENE, in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through  
the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's  
Castle.

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\* Lady Macbeth's name was Gruach filia Bodhe, according to Lord Hailes. Andrew of Winton in his Cronykil informs us, that she was the widow of Duncan; a circumstance with which Shakspeare was of course unacquainted.

† As the play now stands, in Act iv. Sc. 1, three other witches make their appearance.

# MACBETH.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *An open Place.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

#### 1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's<sup>1</sup> done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

<sup>1</sup> 'When the hurlyburly's done.' In *Adagia Scotica*, or a Collection of Scotch Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases; collected by R. B. very useful and delightful. *Lond.* 12<sup>o</sup>. 1668:—

'Little kens the wife that sits by the fire  
How the wind blows cold in *hurle burle swyre*.'

'i. e. in the *tempestuous* mountain-top,' says Mr. Todd, in a note on Spenser; to which Mr. Boswell gives his assent, and says, 'this sense seems agreeable to the witch's answer.' But Peacham, in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577, shows that this was not the ancient acceptation of the word among us: 'Onomatopoeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*.' So in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573:—'But harke yonder: what *hurlyburly* or *noyse* is yonde: what *sturre ruffling* or *bruite* is that?'—The witches could not mean when the *storm* was done, but when the *tumult of the battle* was over; for they are to meet again in lightning, thunder, and rain: their element was a storm. Thus in Arthur Wilson's *History of James I.* p. 141: '—Being in a citie not very defensible, among a wavering people, and a conquering enemy, in the field, took time by the foretop, and in this *hurleburle* the next morning left Prague.'

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath :

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin !

*All.* Paddock calls :—Anon<sup>2</sup>.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches *vanish*.]

## SCENE II. A Camp near Fores.

*Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier*<sup>3</sup>.

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant<sup>4</sup>,  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend !  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Sold.* Doubtful it stood ;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that<sup>5</sup>  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him), from the western isles

<sup>2</sup> Upton observes that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a *cat*, and another with the croaking of a *toad*. A *paddock* most generally seems to have signified a *toad*, though it sometimes means a frog. What we now call a toadstool was anciently called a *paddock-stool*.

<sup>3</sup> The first folio reads *captain*.

<sup>4</sup> *Sergeants*, in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title ; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires.

<sup>5</sup> Vide Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, v. *for* ; and Pegge's Anecdotes of the English Language, p. 205. *For to that* means no more than *for that* ; or *cause that*. The late editions erroneously point this passage, and as erroneously explain it. I follow the punctuation of the first folio.

Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied<sup>6</sup>;  
 And fortune, on his damned quarry<sup>7</sup> smiling,  
 Show'd like a rebel's whore<sup>8</sup>. But all's too weak:  
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
 Like valour's minion,  
 Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;  
 And<sup>9</sup> ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break<sup>10</sup>;  
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

<sup>6</sup> i. e. supplied *with* armed troops so named. *Of* and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. *Gallowglasses* were heavy armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the western isles: *Kernes* were the lighter armed troops.

<sup>7</sup> 'But fortune on his damned quarry smiling.'—Thus the old copies. It was altered at Johnson's suggestion to *quarrel*, which is approved and defended by Steevens and Malone. But the old copy needs no alteration. *Quarry* means the *squadron*, *escadre*, or *square* body, into which Macdonwald's troops were formed, better to receive the charge; through which Macbeth 'carved out his passage till he faced the slave.' Thus in King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 2:—

'—our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,  
 Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
 About our *squares of battle*.'

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:—

'In the brave *squares of battle*.'

<sup>8</sup> The meaning is that Fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads *which*.

<sup>10</sup> Sir W. Davenant's reading of this passage, in his alteration of the play, is a tolerable comment on it:—

'But then this daybreak of our victory  
 Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,  
 That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise.'

*Break* is not in the first folio.

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;  
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Sold.* Yes;  
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.  
If I say sooth<sup>11</sup>, I must report, they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks<sup>12</sup>;  
So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha<sup>13</sup>,  
I cannot tell:——

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee, as thy  
wounds;  
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-  
geons. *[Exit Soldier, attended.]*

*Enter ROSSE.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy thane of Rosse.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So  
should he look,  
That seems to speak things strange<sup>14</sup>.

*Rosse.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great king.

<sup>11</sup> Truth.

<sup>12</sup> That is, *reports*. So in the old play of King John, 1591:—

'—— as harmless and without effect

As is the echo of a cannon's crack.'

<sup>13</sup> i. e. make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.

<sup>14</sup> 'That seems about to speak strange things.'

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky<sup>15</sup>,  
 And fan our people cold.  
 Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
 The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:  
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom<sup>16</sup> lapp'd in proof,  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons<sup>17</sup>,  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
 Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,  
 The victory fell on us;—

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* That now

Sweno<sup>18</sup>, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' Inch<sup>19</sup>,  
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
 Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present  
 death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.  
 [Exeunt.]

<sup>15</sup> So in King John:—

'Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

<sup>16</sup> By *Bellona's bridegroom* Shakspeare means Macbeth. *Lapp'd* in proof is defended by armour of proof.

<sup>17</sup> 'Confronted him with self-comparisons.' By *him* is meant Norway, and by *self-comparisons* is meant that he gave him as good as he brought, showed that he was his equal.

<sup>18</sup> It appears probable, as Steevens suggests, that *Sweno* was only a marginal reference, which has crept into the text by mistake; and that the line originally stood—

'That now the Norway's king craves composition.'

It was surely not necessary for Rosse to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway.

<sup>19</sup> *Colmes'* is here a dissyllable. *Colmes' Inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columb. *Inch* or *inse*, in Erse, signifies an island.

SCENE III. *A Heath.**Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?2 *Witch.* Killing swine.3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Give me, quoth I:**Aroint thee*<sup>1</sup>, *witch!* the rump-fed ronyon<sup>2</sup> cries.Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> The etymology of this imprecation is yet to seek. *Rynt ye* for out with ye! *stand off!* is still used in Cheshire; where there is also a proverbial saying, '*Rynt ye, witch*, quoth Besse Locket to her mother.' Tooke thought it was from *roynous*, and might signify 'a scab or scale on thee!'—Others have derived it from the *rowan tree*, or witch-hazle, the wood of which was believed to be a powerful charm against witchcraft; and every careful housewife had a churn-staff made of it. This superstition is as old as Pliny's time, who asserts that 'a serpent will rather creep into the fire than over a twig of *ash*.' The French have a phrase of somewhat similar sound and import—'*Arry-avant*, away there ho!'—Mr. Douce thinks that '*aroint thee*' will be found to have a Saxon origin.

<sup>2</sup> 'Rump-fed ronyon,' a scabby or mangy woman fed on offals; the *rumps* being formerly part of the emoluments or kitchen fees of the cooks in great houses.

<sup>3</sup> In *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scott, 1584, he says it was believed that witches 'could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas.' And in another pamphlet, '*Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer, who was buried at Edenborough in Januarie last, 1591*'—'All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives,' &c.

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his *Albovine*, 1629, says—

'He sits like a witch *sailing in a sieve*.'

It was the belief of the times that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.



And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind<sup>4</sup>.

1 *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3 *Witch*. And I another.

1 *Witch*. I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card<sup>5</sup>.

I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man forbid<sup>6</sup>:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine<sup>7</sup>:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,

<sup>4</sup> This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them. So in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:—

' — in Ireland and in Denmark both  
*Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,*  
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapp'd,  
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will.'

<sup>5</sup> i. e. the sailor's chart; *carte-marine*.

<sup>6</sup> *Forbid*, i. e. forspoken, *unhappy*, charmed or bewitched. The explanation of Theobald and Johnson, '*interdicted* or under a curse,' is erroneous. A *forbodin* fellow, Scotice, still signifies an unhappy one.

<sup>7</sup> This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy King Duff, says that they found one of the witches roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person, &c.—'for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the enchantment, they served to keepe him still waking *from sleepe*.' This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:—

' Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
Hang upon his pent-house lid.'

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd<sup>8</sup>.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within*.]

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum;

Macbeth doth come.

*All*. The weird sisters<sup>9</sup>, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about;  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine:  
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb*. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban*. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are  
these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb*. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

<sup>8</sup> In the pamphlet about Dr. Fian, already quoted—'Again it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinge's majestie's shippe*, at his coming forth of *Denmarke*, had a *contrarie winde* to the rest of his *shippes* then being in his company.'—'And further the said witch declared, that his majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevailed above their intentions.' To this circumstance, perhaps, Shakspeare's allusion is sufficiently plain.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy has *weyward*, evidently by mistake. *Weird*, from the Saxon *wyrð*, a *witch*, Shakspeare found in Holinshed. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders the *parcæ* by *weird sisters*.

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis<sup>10</sup>!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical<sup>11</sup>, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having<sup>12</sup>, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt<sup>13</sup> withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours, nor your hate,

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's<sup>14</sup> death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

<sup>10</sup> The thaneship of Glamis was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. Gray has given a particular description of it in a Letter to Dr. Wharton.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. creatures of fantasy or imagination.

<sup>12</sup> Estate, fortune.

<sup>13</sup> *Rapt* is rapturously affected; *extra se raptus*.

<sup>14</sup> '*Sinel*.' The late Dr. Beattie conjectured that the real name of this family was *Sinane*, and that *Dunsinane*, or the hill of *Sinane* from thence derived its name.

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
 You owe this strange intelligence! or why  
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
 With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge  
 you. [Witches *vanish*.

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
 And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,  
 melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would, they had staid!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak  
 about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root<sup>15</sup>,

That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

*Ban.* To the selfsame tune, and words. Who's  
 here?

*Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.*

*Rosse.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
 The news of thy success: and when he reads  
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
 His wonders and his praises do contend,  
 Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that<sup>16</sup>,

<sup>15</sup> The *insane root* was probably *henbane*. In Batman's Commentary on Bartholome de Propriet. Rerum, a book with which Shakspeare was familiar, is the following passage:—'Henbane is called *insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly mirilidium, for it taketh away wit and reason.'

<sup>16</sup> i. e. admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them justice by public commendation, contend in his mind for preeminence: he is silenced with wonder.

In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale<sup>17</sup>,  
 Came<sup>18</sup> post with post; and every one did bear  
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
 And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
 Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
 For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives? Why do you  
 dress me  
 In borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the thane, lives yet;  
 But under heavy judgment bears that life  
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd  
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
 With hidden help and vantage; or that with both  
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

<sup>17</sup> i. e. posts arrived as *fast* as they could be *counted*. '*Thicke* (says Baret), that cometh often and *thicke* together; creber, frequens, *frequent*, *souvent venant*.' And again: '*Crebritas literarum*, the often sending, or *thicke* coming of letters. *Thicke* breathing, anhelitus creber.' Shakspeare twice uses 'to speak *thick*' for 'to speak *quick*.' To *tale* or tell is to *score* or *number*. Rowe, not understanding this passage, altered it to 'as quick as *hail*.' Thus also in Forbes's State Papers, vol. i. p. 475:—'*Peraventure* the often and *thick* sending, with words only, that this prince hath lately usyd to hyr majestie, dothe somewhat molest her.'

<sup>18</sup> '*Came* post.' The old copy reads *can*. Rowe made the emendation.



But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :  
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no less to them ?

*Ban.* That, trusted home<sup>19</sup>,  
Might yet enkindle<sup>20</sup> you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.—  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act<sup>21</sup>  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—  
This supernatural soliciting<sup>22</sup>  
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion<sup>23</sup>  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated<sup>24</sup> heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature ? Present fears

<sup>19</sup> i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on.

<sup>20</sup> *Enkindle* means 'encourage you to expect the crown.' A similar expression occurs in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1 :—

'—— nothing remains, but that I *kindle* the boy thither.'

<sup>21</sup> 'As happy prologues to the swelling act.' So in the prologue to *King Henry V.* :—

'——— princes to act,

And monarchs to behold the *swelling scene*.'

<sup>22</sup> i. e. *incitement*.

<sup>23</sup> *Suggestion*, temptation.

<sup>24</sup> *Seated*, firmly placed, fixed.

Are less than horrible imaginings<sup>25</sup>:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single<sup>26</sup> state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise<sup>27</sup>; and nothing is,  
But what is not<sup>28</sup>.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him  
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may;  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour<sup>29</sup>:—my dull brain  
was wrought

<sup>25</sup> '————— Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.'

So in *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, by Lord Sterline, 1604:—

'For as the shadow seems more monstrous still  
Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,  
So th' apprehension of approaching ill  
Seems greater than itse'f, whilst fears are lying.'

<sup>26</sup> By his *single state of man*, Macbeth means his *simple condition of human nature*. *Single soul*, for a simple or weak guileless person, was the phraseology of the poet's time. *Simplicity* and *singleness* were synonymous.

<sup>27</sup> '————— that function  
Is smother'd in surmise.'

The powers of action are oppressed by conjecture.

<sup>28</sup> 'But what is not.' Shakspeare has something like this sentiment in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

'Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing.'

Again, in *King Richard II.*:—

'———— is nought but shadows  
Of what is not.'

<sup>29</sup> *Favour* is *countenance*, *good will*, and *not pardon*, as it has been here interpreted. Vide *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2.



With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
 Are register'd where every day I turn  
 The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—  
 Think upon what hath chanc'd: and, at more time,  
 The interim having weigh'd it<sup>30</sup>, let us speak  
 Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.*

Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-  
 BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
 Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.*

My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
 With one that saw him die; who did report,  
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;  
 Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth  
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
Became him, like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death<sup>1</sup>,  
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd<sup>2</sup>,  
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

<sup>30</sup> 'The interim having weigh'd it.' *The interim* is probably here used adverbially—'You having weighed it *in the interim*.'

<sup>1</sup> *Studied in his death* is well instructed in the art of dying. 'The behaviour of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.' Steevens thinks that an allusion was intended 'to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ow'd*, owned, possessed.

*Dun.* There's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face<sup>3</sup>:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. 'Would, thou hadst less deserv'd;  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay<sup>4</sup>.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties: and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe toward your love and honour<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> We cannot construe the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face. In Shakspeare's ninety-third Sonnet we have a contrary assertion:—

'In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ.'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. I owe thee more than all; nay, more than all which I can say or do will requite.

<sup>5</sup> 'Safe toward your love and honour.' Sir William Blackstone would read:—

Safe toward *you* love and honour;  
which he explains thus:—'Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you.' He says that it has reference to the old feudal *simple homage*, which when done to a subject was always accompanied with a saving clause—'*sauf le foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy*;' which he thinks suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. Malone and Steevens seem to favour this explanation: but *safe* may merely mean *respectful, loyal*; like the old French word *sauf*. Shakspeare has used the old French phrase, *sauf votre honneur*, several times in King Henry V.

*Dun.*

Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
 To make thee full of growing<sup>6</sup>.—Noble Banquo,  
 That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
 No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,  
 And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.*There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

*Dun.*

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
 In drops of sorrow<sup>7</sup>.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
 We will establish our estate upon  
 Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,  
 The prince of Cumberland<sup>8</sup>: which honour must  
 Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
 On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,  
 And bind us further to you.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. exuberant.<sup>7</sup> 'In drops of sorrow.'

'—— lachrymas non sponte cadentes

Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto;

Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis

Gaudia, quam lachrymis.'

Lucan, lib. ix.

The same sentiment again occurs in *The Winter's Tale*. It is likewise employed in the first scene of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

<sup>8</sup> Holinshed says, 'Duncan having two sons, &c. he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdom immediately after his decease, Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realm the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted), he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne.'

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

*Dun.*

My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

[*Aside.*

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!

Let not light see my black and deep desires:

The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant<sup>9</sup>;  
And in his commendations I am fed;

It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:

It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Excunt.*

## SCENE V.

Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a Letter.*

*Lady M.* They met me in the day of success; and  
*I have learned by the perfectest report*<sup>1</sup>, they have  
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned  
in desire to question them further, they made them-  
selves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood  
rapt in the wonder of it, came missives<sup>2</sup> from the  
king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which

<sup>9</sup> 'True, worthy Banquo,' &c. We must imagine that while Macbeth was uttering the six preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their subject; and to some encomium supposed to have been bestowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers.

<sup>1</sup> *The perfectest report* is the best intelligence.

<sup>2</sup> *Missives*, messengers.

*title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st  
highly,

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly win; thou'dst have, great  
Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*  
*And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*  
*Than wishest should be undone*<sup>3</sup>. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear<sup>4</sup>;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical<sup>5</sup> aid doth seem  
— have thee crown'd withal.—What is your  
tidings?

thou would'st have that [i. e. the crown] which cries unto  
thou must do thus, if thou would'st have it, and *thou must*  
which rather,' &c. The difficulty of this passage in  
as to have arisen from its not having been considered  
by the object of Macbeth's ambition. Malone is  
his regulation, and furnished the explanation.

'pour my spirits in thine ear.' So in Lord Ster-  
sar, 1607:—

my bosom used to pour thy spright.'

and metaphysical aid,' &c.; i. e. supernatural aid.  
as explained 'things supernatural' in the old



*Enter an Attendant.*

*Attend.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Attend.* So please you, it is true; our thane is  
coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending,  
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,  
[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal<sup>6</sup> thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;

dictionaries. 'To have thee crown'd' is to *desire* that you should  
be crown'd. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well:—

‘———— our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would *seem*  
To have us make denial.’

This phrase of Baret's:—‘If all things be as ye would *have* them,  
or agreeable to your *desire*,’ is a common mode of expression  
with old writers.

<sup>6</sup> ‘That tend on *mortal* thoughts.’ *Mortal* and *deadly* were  
synonymous in Shakspeare's time. In another part of this play  
we have ‘the *mortal* sword,’ and ‘*mortal* murders.’ We have  
‘*mortal* war,’ and ‘*mortal* hatred.’ In Nashe's Pierce Penni-  
lesse is a particular description of these spirits, and of their  
office. ‘The second kind of devils, which he most employeth,  
are those northern *Martii*, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the  
authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have  
commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder,  
wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command  
certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great  
Arioch, that is termed the *spirit of revenge*.’

That no compunctious visitings of nature  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
 The effect, and it!<sup>7</sup> Come to my woman's breasts,  
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
 Wherever in your sightless substances  
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
 And pall<sup>8</sup> thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark<sup>9</sup>,  
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy  
 Cawdor!

<sup>7</sup> Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. 'To keep peace between the effect and purpose,' means 'to delay the execution of her purpose, to prevent its proceeding to effect.' Sir Wm. Davenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good commentary upon it. Thus in the present instance:—

————— make thick  
 My blood, stop all passage to remorse;  
 That no relapses into mercy may  
 Shake my design, nor make it fall before  
 'Tis ripen'd to effect.'

<sup>8</sup> To *pall*, from the Latin *pallio*, to wrap, to invest, to cover or hide as with a mantle or cloak.

<sup>9</sup> Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, 1596, has an expression resembling this:—

'The sullen night in mistie RUGGE is wrapp'd.'

And in his *Polyolbion*, which was not published till 1612, we again find it:—

'Thick vapours that like *ruggs* still hang the troubled air.'

On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*, No. 168; to which Johnson in his notes refers the reader with much complacency. He however sets out with ascribing the speech to Macbeth; and the whole of it is a puerile cavil at the *low* words with which he is pleased to say it is disfigured. So uninstructed was the lexicographer in the language of Shakspeare's age, that he takes *knife*, in the literal sense, for 'an instrument used by butchers and cooks!' Whereas quotations without end might be adduced to show that it was then a common expression for a *sword* or *dagger*. The epithet *dun* he treats with utter contempt, and says that it is 'now seldom heard but in the stable.' He did not or would not know that it was the ancient synonyme of *fuscus*,



*Enter MACBETH.*

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present<sup>10</sup>, and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow,—as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, never ✓

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
 May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent  
 flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
 Must be provided for: and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my despatch;  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear;  
 To alter favour<sup>11</sup> ever is to fear:  
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

and meant no more than *dark, obscure*. Milton has represented Satan as flying 'in the *dun* air sublime;' and in Comus we have '*dun* shades.' At the expression '*blanket* of the dark,' he says that he can scarce check his risibility! Surely this is outraging the squeamish finicalness of the French critics in their remarks upon the poet, and need only be mentioned to excite a smile. A serious reply to such criticism would now be superfluous.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. beyond the present time, which is, according to the process of nature, ignorant of the future.

<sup>11</sup> *Favour* is countenance.

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle.**Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.**Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat<sup>1</sup>: the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage<sup>2</sup>, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. situation.<sup>2</sup> i. e. convenient corner.

<sup>3</sup> 'This short dialogue,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. The conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of the castle's situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life.'

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Dun.* See, see! our honour'd hostess!  
 The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,  
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
 How you shall bid God yield<sup>4</sup> us for your pains,  
 And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service,  
 In every point twice done, and then done double,  
 Were poor and single business, to contend  
 Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
 Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,  
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
 We rest your hermits<sup>5</sup>.

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
 To be his purveyor: but he rides well:  
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
 To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,  
 We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt<sup>6</sup>,  
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
 Still to return your own.

<sup>4</sup> The explanation by Steevens of this obscure passage seems the best which has been offered:—'Marks of respect importunately shown are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved.'—To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. God *yield* us, is God *reward* us.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. we as *hermits*, or *beadsmen*, shall ever pray for you.

<sup>6</sup> *In compt*, subject to accompt.

*Dun.* Give me your hand:  
 Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,  
 And shall continue our graces towards him.  
 By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter, and pass over the Stage, a Sewer<sup>1</sup>, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service. Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination  
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—  
 We'd jump the life to come<sup>2</sup>.—But, in these cases,  
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor: This even handed justice  
 Commends<sup>3</sup> the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

<sup>1</sup> A *sewer*, an officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. *Asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place.

<sup>2</sup> This passage has been variously explained. I have attempted briefly to express what I conceive to be its meaning:—'*Twere well it were done quickly, if, when 'tis done, it were done* (or at an end); and that no sinister consequences would ensue. *If the assassination*, at the same time that it puts an end to Duncan's life, could make success certain, and that I might enjoy the crown unmolested, *we'd jump the life to come*, i.e. hazard or run the risk of what may happen in a future state. To *trammel* up was to *confine* or tie up. The legs of horses were *trammelled* to teach them to amble. There was also 'a *trammel-net*,' which was 'a long net to take great and small fowl with by night.' *Surcease* is cessation. 'To *surcease* or to *cease* from doing something; supersedeo, Lat.; *cesser*, Fr.' BARET.

<sup>3</sup> To *commend* was anciently used in the sense of the Latin *commendo*, to commit, to address, to direct, to recommend. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

'Commend the paper to his gracious hand.'

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking off:  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd  
 Upon the sightless couriers<sup>4</sup> of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition<sup>5</sup>, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other—How now, what news?

And in King Henry VIII.:—'The king's majesty *commends* his good opinion to you.' In a subsequent scene of this play we have:—

'I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
 And so I do *commend* you to their backs.'

'The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him ever to feare, lest he should be served of the same *cup* as he had ministered to his predecessor.'

<sup>4</sup> 'The *sightless couriers of the air*' are what the poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*. Thus in Warner's Albion's England:—

'The scouring winds that *sightless* in the sounding air do fly.'  
 b. ii. c. xi.

<sup>5</sup> So in the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:—

'Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's spur*  
 That *pricketh* Cæsar to these high attempts?'

Malone has observed that 'there are two distinct metaphors in this passage. I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent; I have nothing to *stimulate* me to the execution of my purpose but ambition, which is apt to overreach itself; this he expresses by the second image, of a person meaning to vault into his saddle, who, by taking too great a leap, will fall on the other side.'



*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting I dare not wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i' the adage<sup>6</sup>?

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more<sup>7</sup>, is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was 't then,

<sup>6</sup> This passage is perhaps sufficiently intelligible; but as Johnson and Steevens thought otherwise, I must offer a brief explanation.—'Would'st thou have *the crown*, that which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, and *yet* live a coward in thine own esteem,' &c. The adage of the cat is among Heywood's Proverbs, 1566:—'The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete.'

<sup>7</sup> 'Who dares *do* more is none.' The old copy, instead of '*do* more,' reads '*no* more;' the emendation is Rowe's. A similar passage occurs in Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'——— be that you are,  
*That is a woman: if you're more, you're none.'*

That made you break this enterprise to me?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
 Did then adhere<sup>8</sup>, and yet you would make both;  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
 now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you  
 Have done to this.

*Macb.*

If we should fail,——

*Lady M.*

We fail! ✓

But screw your courage to the sticking-place<sup>9</sup>,  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep  
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains<sup>10</sup>  
 Will I with wine and wassel<sup>11</sup> so convince<sup>12</sup>,  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,

<sup>8</sup> *Adhere*, in the same sense as cohere.

<sup>9</sup> 'But screw your courage to the *sticking-place*.' Shakspeare seems to have taken his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place*; i. e. in the place from which it is not to recede, or go back.

<sup>10</sup> The circumstance relative to Macbeth's slaughter of Duncan's chamberlains is copied from Holinshed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald. ✓

<sup>11</sup> *Wassel* is thus explained by Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616: '*Wassail*, a term usual heretofore for *quaffing* and *carousing*; but more especially signifying a merry cup (ritually composed, deckt and fill'd with country liquor) passing about amongst neighbours, meeting and entertaining one another on the vigil or eve of the new year, and commonly called the *wassail-bol*.' See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 4.

<sup>12</sup> To *convince* is to *overcome*. See p. 301, Act iv. Sc. 2, of this play.



*write explanation.*  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck<sup>13</sup> only; When in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched<sup>14</sup> natures lie, as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
 His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell<sup>15</sup>?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd<sup>16</sup>,  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
 That they have don't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
 Upon his death?

✓ *Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show;  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
 [Exeunt.]

<sup>13</sup> A *limbeck* is a vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall the *receipt* (i. e. receptacle) of reason be like this empty vessel.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. drowned in drink.

<sup>15</sup> *Quell* is murder; from the Saxon *quellan*, to kill.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. apprehended, understood.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Court within the Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with a Torch before them.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry<sup>1</sup> in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose<sup>2</sup>:—Give me my sword;—

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a Torch.*

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

<sup>1</sup> *Husbandry* here means *thrift*, frugality. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have a similar expression:—

'Night's candles are burnt out.'

<sup>2</sup> It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess<sup>3</sup> to your officers<sup>4</sup>:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up<sup>5</sup>  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought<sup>6</sup>.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent<sup>7</sup>,—when  
'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

<sup>3</sup> *Largess*, bounty.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads *offices*. *Officers* of a household was the common term for servants in Shakspeare's time. He has before called the king's chamberlains 'his spongy officers.'

<sup>5</sup> Steevens has rightly explained 'to shut up' by 'to conclude,' and the examples he has adduced are satisfactory; but Mr. Boswell supposed that it meant *enclosed*, and quoted a passage from Barrow to support his opinion. The authorities of the poet's time are against Mr. Boswell's interpretation.

<sup>6</sup> Being unprepared, our will (or desire to entertain the king honourably) became the servant to defect (i. e. was constrained by defective means), which else should free have wrought (i. e. otherwise our zeal should have been manifest by more liberal entertainments. *Which* relates not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*).

<sup>7</sup> *Consent* is *accord*, *agreement*, a combination for a particular purpose. By 'if you shall cleave to my consent,' Macbeth means, 'if you shall adhere to me (i. e. agree or accord with my views), when 'tis (i. e. when events shall fall out as they are predicted), it shall make honour for you.' We have the word *again* in this sense in King Henry IV. Part II., where, speaking of *Shallow* and his servants, Falstaff says, 'they flock together

*Ban.* So I lose none,  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb.* Good repose, the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Exit BAN.*]

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is  
ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.  
[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

in *consent* like so many wild geese.' So again in *As You Like It*, the usurping Duke says, after the flight of Rosalind and Celia:—

' ————— some villains of my court  
Are of *consent* and sufferance in this.'

Sir William Davenant's paraphrase of this passage shows that he understood it as I have explained it:—

' If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will  
Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.'

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown which he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder that he was about to commit. *We* comprehend all that passes in his mind; but Banquo is still in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every possible temptation to do ill; and therefore expresses a resolve that, in spite of future combinations of interest or struggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obscure his present honours, alarm his conscience, or corrupt loyalty. Macbeth could never mean, while yet the success of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the most dark or distant hint of his criminal designs on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would naturally have become his accuser as soon as the murder had been discovered. Malone proposed to read *content* instead of *consent*; but his reasons are far from convincing, and there seems no necessity for change.

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still:  
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon<sup>8</sup>, gouts<sup>9</sup> of blood,  
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
 Nature seems dead<sup>10</sup>, and wicked dreams abuse

<sup>8</sup> *Dudgeon* for *handle*; 'a *dudgeon* dagger is a dagger, whose handle is made of the root of box,' according to Bishop Wilkins in the dictionary subjoined to his *Real Character*. *Dudgeon* is the *root of box*. It has not been remarked that there is a peculiar propriety in giving the word to Macbeth, 'Pugnale alla scoccese, being a *Scotch* or *dudgeon haft* dagger,' according to *Torriano*.

<sup>9</sup> *Gouts*, drops; from the French *gouttes*.

<sup>10</sup> Dryden's well known lines in the *Conquest of Mexico* are here transcribed that the reader may observe the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare:—

'All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,  
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,  
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
 And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat,  
 Even lust and envy sleep!'

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, we have the following lines:—

'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd  
 In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:  
 No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,  
 No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,  
 Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,  
 Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.  
 ————— I am great in blood,  
 Unequalled in revenge:—you horrid scouts  
 That sentinel swart night, give loud applause  
 From your large palms.'

The curtain'd sleeper<sup>11</sup>; witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost<sup>12</sup>.—Thou sure and firm-set  
 earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it<sup>13</sup>.—Whiles I threat, he lives;

<sup>11</sup> The old copy has *sleeps*. The emendation was proposed by Steevens, and is well worthy of a place in the text; the word now having been formerly admitted to complete the metre.

<sup>12</sup> The old copy reads *sides*: Pope made the alteration. Johnson objects to the epithet *ravishing strides*. But Steevens has shown that a *stride* was not always an action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, b. iv. c. viii.

'With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride*.'

And in other places we have an *easy stride*, a *leisureable stride*, &c. Warburton observes, that the justness of the similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece* will explain it:—

'Now *stole upon the time in dead of night*,  
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;  
 No comfortable *star did lend his light*,  
 No noise but owls' and *wolves' dead-boding cries*;  
 Now serves the season that they may surprise  
 The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,  
 While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.'

<sup>13</sup> Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that 'all general privations are great because they are terrible.' The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them:—

'*Dii quibus imperium et animarum umbræque silentes,*  
*Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late.*—*Virgil.*

Statius, in describing the Lemnian massacre, notices the silence and solitude in a striking manner:—

'*Conticuere domus,*' &c.



Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd  
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

and when he enumerates the terrors to which Chiron had familiarized his pupil, he subjoins:—

' — nec ad vastæ trepidare silentia sylvæ.'

Tacitus, describing the distress of the Roman army, under Cæcina, concludes by observing—'Ducemque terruit, *dira quies*. In all the preceding passages, as Pliny remarks, concerning places of worship, *silentia ipsa adoramus*. To these instances adduced by Steevens, Malone adds another from the second *Æneid*:—

' ——— vestigia retro

Observata sequor per noctem, et lumine lustrò,

*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*

and the well known lines which exposed Dryden to so much ridicule:—

' A horrid stillness first invades the ear,  
And in that silence we the tempest hear.'



Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,  
 He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
 My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not  
 hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets  
 cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one  
 cried, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard  
 them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
 Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the  
 other;

As<sup>1</sup> they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear<sup>2</sup>, I could not say, amen,

When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

<sup>1</sup> *As* for *as if*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. listening to their fear: the particle omitted.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave<sup>3</sup> of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:  
*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more<sup>4</sup>!*

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

very  
efficient

<sup>3</sup> *Sleeve* is unwrought silk, sometimes also called *floss* silk. It appears to be the coarse ravelled part separated by passing through the *slaie* (reed comb) of the weaver's loom; and hence called *sleaved* or *sleided* silk. I suspect that *sleeveless*, which has puzzled the etymologists, is that which cannot be *sleaved*, *sleided*, or unravelled; and therefore useless: thus a *sleeveless* errand would be a *fruitless* one.

<sup>4</sup> Steevens observes that this triple menace, accommodated to the different titles of *Macbeth*, is too quaint to be received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind; but Mr. Boswell thinks that there is no ground for his objection. He thus explains the passage: *Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore my lately acquired dignity can afford no comfort to one who suffers the agony of remorse,—Cawdor shall sleep no more; nothing can restore me to that peace of mind which I enjoyed in a comparatively humble state; the once innocent Macbeth shall sleep no more.*

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.*

I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady M.*

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt<sup>5</sup>.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

*Macb.*

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood<sup>6</sup>?

<sup>5</sup> This quibble too occurs frequently in old plays. Shakspeare has it again in King Henry IV. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 4:—

'England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*.'

And in King Henry V.:—

'Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed.'

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood,' &c.

<sup>6</sup> Suscipit, ô Gellii, quantum non ultima Tethys,  
Neo genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.

*Catullus in Gellium, 83.*

Οἶμαι γὰρ ἔτ' ἀν' Ἰστρον ἔτε φᾶσιν ἀν

Νύχαι καθαρῶ τῇνδε τῇν στέγην.

*Sophoc. Oedip.*

Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris

Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?

Non ipse toto magnus oceano pater

Tantum expirarit sceleris! *Senec. Hippol.*

Non, si Neptuni fluctu renovare operam des,

Non, mare si totum velit eluere omnibus undis.

*Lucret. l. vi. ver. 1074.*

Thus also, in The Insatiate Countess, by Marston, 1613:—

'Although the waves of all the northern sea

Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,

Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be.'

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine<sup>7</sup>,  
Making the green—one red<sup>8</sup>.

*Re-enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking  
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then? Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended<sup>9</sup>.—[*Knocking.*] Hark!  
more knocking:  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed,—’twere best not know  
myself<sup>10</sup>. [*Knock.*]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou  
could’sst? [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter a Porter.* [*Knocking within.*]

*Porter.* Here’s a knocking, indeed! If a man  
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old<sup>1</sup> turn-  
ing the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock:

<sup>7</sup> To *incarnardine* is to stain of a red colour.

<sup>8</sup> In the old copy this line stands thus:—

‘Making the Green one, Red.’

The punctuation in the text was adopted by Steevens at the suggestion of Murphy. Malone prefers the old punctuation. Steevens has well defended the arrangement of his text, which seems to me to deserve the preference.

<sup>9</sup> ‘Your constancy hath left you unattended.’—Vide note on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2.

<sup>10</sup> This is an answer to Lady Macbeth’s reproof. ‘While I have the thoughts of this deed, it were best not know, or be lost to myself.’

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* frequent.

Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer<sup>2</sup>, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins<sup>3</sup> enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' the' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator<sup>4</sup>, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock; Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire<sup>5</sup>. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the se-

<sup>2</sup> 'Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.' So in Hall's Satires, b. iv. sat. 6:—

'Each muckworme will be rich with lawless gaine,  
Altho' he smother up mowes of seven yeares graine,  
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap againe.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *handkerchiefs*. In the dictionaries of the time *sudarium* is rendered by '*napkin or handkerchief, wherewith we wipe away the sweat.*'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. a *Jesuit*. That order were troublesome to the state, and held in odium in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. They were inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*.

<sup>5</sup> So in Hamlet:—

'Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads.'

And in All's Well that Ends Well:—'The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire.'

cond cock<sup>6</sup>: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in<sup>7</sup> a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?—  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble sir!

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both!

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

<sup>6</sup> e. till three o'clock, according to a passage in *Romeo and*

*— The second cock has crow'd,*

*The curfew bell has toll'd: 'tis three o'clock.*

*: for into.*

*Macb.* The labour, we delight in, physicks<sup>8</sup> pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service<sup>9</sup>. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does:—he did appoint it so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly; Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;  
And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor  
heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee<sup>10</sup>!

*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o'the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *alleviates it*. *Physick* is defined by Baret, a *remedie*, an *helping or curing*. So in *The Tempest*:—

'There be some sports are painful; and their labour  
Delight in them sets off.'

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *Appointed* service.

<sup>10</sup> It has been already observed that Shakspeare uses two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly.



*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image?—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*]

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,——

*Macd.* O, gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell<sup>11</sup>.—O Banquo! Banquo!

*Enter* BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where,——  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

<sup>11</sup> 'The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.'

So in *Hamlet*:—

'—— He would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech.'

And in *The Puritan*, 1607:—'The punishments that shall follow  
you in this world would with horror kill the ear, should hear  
them related.'

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality :  
All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead ;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss ?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know it :  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom ?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't :  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows :  
They star'd, and were distracted ; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so ?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and  
furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood<sup>12</sup> ;

<sup>12</sup> ' His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.' To *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays. See also *King John*, Act ii. Sc. 2.—Johnson says, ' it is not improbable that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore<sup>13</sup>: Who could re-  
 frain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage, to make his love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken,

Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,  
 May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears  
 Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:—

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid<sup>14</sup>,  
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
 And question this most bloody piece of work,  
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
 In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,

show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis only.'

<sup>13</sup> 'Breech'd with gore,' covered with blood to their hilts.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. when we have clothed our half drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air. It is possible, as Steevens remarks that, in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. The Porter had already said that this 'place is too cold for hell,' meaning the court-yard of the castle in which Banquo and the rest now are. So in *Timon of Athens*:—

'——— Call the creatures

Whose naked natures live in all the spight  
 Of wreakful heaven.'

Against the undivulg'd pretence<sup>15</sup> I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macb.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with  
them :

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody<sup>16</sup>.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted<sup>17</sup>; and our safest way

<sup>15</sup> *Pretence* is here put for *design* or *intention*. It is so used again in *The Winter's Tale*:—'The *pretence* whereof being by circumstance partly laid open.' Thus again in this tragedy:—

'What good could they *pretend*;

i. e. *intend* to themselves. Banquo's meaning is—'in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and, relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light*.'

<sup>16</sup> '—— the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.'

Meaning that he suspects Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the nearest in blood to the two princes, being the 'cousin-german of Duncan.

<sup>17</sup> The allusion of the *unlighted shaft* appears to be—the death of the king only could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend that they should be removed by the same means. Malcolm therefore means to say, 'The shaft has not yet done all its intended mischief; I and my brother are yet to be destroyed before it will light on the ground and do no more harm.'

Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
 But shift away: There's warrant in that theft  
 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle.*

*Enter Rosse and an Old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well:  
 Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
 Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore  
 night  
 Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
 Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,  
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
 Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
 When living light should kiss it<sup>1</sup>?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
 A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place<sup>2</sup>,  
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

<sup>1</sup> 'After the murder of King Duffe,' says Holinshed, 'for the space of six months together there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction.'—It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts. Most of the portents here mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying King Duffe's death: 'there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl,' and 'horses of singular beauty and swiftnes did eat their own flesh.'

<sup>2</sup> 'A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,' a technical phrase in falconry for *soaring to the highest pitch*. *Faulcon haultain* was the French term for a towering or high flying hawk.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain),  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said, they ate each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-  
duff:—

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known who did this more than bloody  
deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend<sup>3</sup>?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd:  
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:  
Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up  
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth<sup>4</sup>.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

<sup>3</sup> *Pretend*, in the sense of the Latin *prætendo*, to *design*, or '*lay for a thing before it come*,' as the old dictionaries explain it.

<sup>4</sup> Macbeth, by his birth, stood next in succession to the crown after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the younger the mother of Macbeth.—*Holinshead.*

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill<sup>5</sup>;  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done  
there;—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Rosse.* Father, farewell.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you: and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

<sup>5</sup> *Colme-kill* is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles mentioned by Holinshed as the burialplace of many ancient kings of Scotland. *Colme-kill* means the *cell* or chapel of St. Columbo. See note 19, p. 215.



*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King: LADY MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper<sup>1</sup>, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good  
advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous),  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better<sup>2</sup>,  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

<sup>1</sup> 'A solemn supper.' This was the phrase of Shakspeare's time for a feast or banquet given on a particular occasion, to solemnize any event, as a birth, marriage, coronation, &c. Howel, in a letter to Sir T. Hawke, 1636, says, 'I was invited yesternight to a *solemne supper* by B. J. [Ben Jonson], where you were deeply remembered.'

<sup>2</sup> i. e. 'if my horse does not go well.' Shakspeare often uses the comparative for the positive and superlative.

With strange invention: But of that to-morrow:  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call  
upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend<sup>3</sup> you to their backs.

Farewell.— [Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt* LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.  
*Sirrah*, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[*Exit* *Atten.*]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty<sup>4</sup> of nature  
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he  
dares;

And, to<sup>5</sup> that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none, but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophetlike,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *commit*. See note on p. 237.

<sup>4</sup> Nobleness.

<sup>5</sup> 'And to that,' i. e. *in addition to*.

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd<sup>6</sup> my mind;  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the common enemy of man<sup>7</sup>,  
 To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!  
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance<sup>8</sup>!—Who's  
 there?—

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.*

Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,  
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
 So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation<sup>9</sup> with you,

<sup>6</sup> For defiled.

<sup>7</sup> 'The common enemy of man.' Shakspeare repeats the phrase in *Twelfth Night*, Act iii. Sc. 4:—'Defy the devil: consider, he's an *enemy to mankind*.' The phrase was common among his cotemporaries; the word *fend*, Johnson remarks, signifies *enemy*.

<sup>8</sup> 'To the utterance.' This phrase, which is found in writers who preceded Shakspeare, is borrowed from the French; *se battre à l'outrance*, to fight desperately or to extremity, even to death. The sense therefore is:—'Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists against me in defence of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the extremity, whatever be the consequence.'

<sup>9</sup> i. e. 'passed in *proving* to you.'

How you were borne in hand<sup>10</sup>; how cross'd; the instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now Our point of second meeting. Do you find Your patience so predominant in your nature, That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd<sup>11</sup> To pray for that good man, and for his issue, Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave, And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs<sup>12</sup>, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped<sup>13</sup> All by the name of dogs: the valued file<sup>14</sup> Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The house-keeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive Particular addition<sup>15</sup>, from the bill That writes them all alike: and so of men.

<sup>10</sup> To bear in hand is to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. are you so obedient to the precept of the gospel, which teaches us 'to pray for those that despitefully use us.'

<sup>12</sup> *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*. Nashe, in his *Lenten Stuffe*, mentions them 'a trundle-tail tike or *shough* or two.'

<sup>13</sup> *Cleped*, called.

<sup>14</sup> The *valued file* is the *descriptive list* wherein their value and peculiar qualities are set down, such a list of dogs may be found in Junius's *Nomenclator*, by Fleming, and may have furnished Shakspeare with the idea.

<sup>15</sup> *Particular addition*, title, description.

Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance<sup>16</sup>,

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: And though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within  
this hour at most,

<sup>16</sup> 'Bloody distance' is mortal enmity.

I will advise you where to plant yourselves:  
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time<sup>17</sup>,  
 The moment on't: for't must be done to-night,  
 And something from the palace; always thought,  
 That I require a clearness<sup>18</sup>: And with him  
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work),  
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
 Whose absence is no less material to me  
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
 I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight; abide within.  
 It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his  
 leisure

For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. the exact time when you may look out or lie in wait for him.

<sup>18</sup> ' ————— always thought  
 That I require a clearness.'

' Always remembering that I must stand clear of suspicion.'

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest<sup>1</sup> fancies your companions making?  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things without remedy,  
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;  
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint,  
Both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place<sup>2</sup>, have sent to peace, †  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy<sup>3</sup>. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!

*Lady M.* Come on; gentle my lord,  
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial  
Among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love;  
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance<sup>4</sup>  
Apply to Banquo: present him eminence<sup>5</sup>, both  
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;

<sup>1</sup> *Sorriest*, most melancholy.

<sup>2</sup> The first folio reads *peace*. The second folio *place*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ecstasy* in its general sense signifies any violent emotion or alienation of the mind. The old dictionaries render it *a trance, a dampe, a crampe*. Vide note on *The Tempest*, Act iii. Sc. 3, p. 67.

<sup>4</sup> *Remembrance* is here employed as a quadrisyllable.

<sup>5</sup> *Present him eminence*, do him the highest honour.



And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are<sup>6</sup>.

*Lady M.*

You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne<sup>7</sup>.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,  
The shard-borne beetle<sup>8</sup>, with his drowsy hums,

<sup>6</sup> The sense of this passage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omission) appears to be as follows:—'It is a sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.' The present arrangement of the text is by Malone.

<sup>7</sup> Ritson has justly observed that 'Nature's copy' alludes to *copyhold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life*, having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *life-hold* tenure may well be said to be not external. The subsequent speech of Macbeth, in which he says,

'Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,'

confirms this explanation. Many of Shakspeare's allusions are to legal customs.

<sup>8</sup> That is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings. Steevens had the merit of first showing that *shard* or *sherd* was the ancient word for a *scale* or outward covering, a case or sheath: as appears from the following passage cited by him, from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, b. vi. fol. 138:—

'She sigh, her thought a dragon tho,

Whose *sherd*es shynen as the sonne.'

And again in book v. speaking of a serpent:—

'He was so *sherd*ed all about,

It held all edge tool without.'

In *Cymbeline* Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:—

'————— we find

The *shard*ed beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-winged eagle.'

A similar description of the beetle occurs in Chapman's *Eugenia*, 1614:—

'————— the beetle—

—there did raise

With his *Irate* wings his most unweildie paise;

And with his knolllike humming gave the dor

Of death to men.'

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.*

What's to be done?

*Macb.* Beinnocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling<sup>9</sup> night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale<sup>10</sup>!—Light thickens; and the  
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood<sup>11</sup>:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse<sup>12</sup>.  
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;  
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:  
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> i. e. blinding; to *seel* up the eyes of a hawk was to close them by sewing the eyelids together.

<sup>10</sup> So in *Cymbeline*:—

'Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray.'

<sup>11</sup> By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means that it is growing dark. Thus in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:—

'Fold your flocks up, for the air

'Gins to thicken, and the sun

Already his great course hath ran.'

Spenser in the *Shepherd's Calendar* has:—

'——— the welkin *thicks* apace.'

Notwithstanding Mr. Steevens's ingenious attempts to explain the *rooky wood* otherwise; it surely means nothing more than the wood inhabited by *rooks*. The poet has shown himself a close observer of nature in marking the return of these birds to their nest trees when the day is drawing to a close. Virgil has a very natural description of the same circumstance:—

'——— E pastu decedens agmine magno

*Corvorum* increpuit densis exercitus alis.'

<sup>12</sup> See note on King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 1.

SCENE III. *The same.*

*A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation<sup>1</sup>,

Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a  
Torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.  
[*Assaults BANQUO.*]

<sup>1</sup> i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

*Ban.* O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly ;  
Thou may'st revenge. O slave !

[*Dies.* Fleance and Servant escape<sup>2</sup>.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way ?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down : the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done.

#### SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LE-  
NOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down :  
at first<sup>1</sup>

And last, the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state<sup>2</sup>; but, in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
friends ;  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

<sup>2</sup> *Fleance*, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of Sir Walter Steward. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended ; in compliment to whom Shakspeare has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

<sup>1</sup> 'At first and last.' Johnson with great plausibility proposes to read 'To first and last.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Keeps her state,' continues in her chair of state. A state was a royal chair with a canopy over it.

*Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:  
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure  
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within<sup>3</sup>.  
Is he despatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet  
he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;  
As broad, and general, as the casing air:  
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched<sup>4</sup> gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,

<sup>3</sup> ' 'Tis better he without than thee within,' that is, I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body. *He* is put for *him*.

<sup>4</sup> ' With twenty *trenched* gashes on his head.' From the French *trancher*, to cut. So in Arden of Feversham:—

' Is deeply *trenched* on my blushing brow.'

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

' ——— like a figure  
*Trenched* in ice.'

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow  
 We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
 You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,  
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,  
 'Tis given with welcome: To feed were best at home;  
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
 Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—  
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
 And health on both!

*Len.* May it please your highness sit?  
 [*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in  
 MACBETH'S place.*]

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
 roof'd,  
 Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;  
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
 Than pity for mischance<sup>5</sup>!

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,  
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-  
 ness

To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves  
 your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord!

<sup>5</sup> Macbeth betrays himself by an overacted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause. *May I* seems to imply here a wish, not an assertion.

*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often  
thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought<sup>6</sup>

He will again be well: If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion<sup>7</sup>;  
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws<sup>8</sup>, and starts,  
(Impostors to<sup>9</sup> true fear), would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. as speedily as *thought* can be exerted. So in King Henry IV. Part I.: 'and *with a thought*, seven of the eleven I paid.'

<sup>7</sup> i. e. prolong his suffering, make his fit longer.

<sup>8</sup> *Flaws* are sudden gusts.

<sup>9</sup> 'Impostors to true fear.' Warburton's learning serves him not here; his explanation is erroneous. Malone idly suggests that *to* may be used for *of*. Mason has hit the meaning, though his way of accounting for it is wrong. It seems strange that none of the commentators should be aware that this was a form of *elliptic* expression, commonly used even at this day in the phrase, 'this is nothing *to* them,' i. e. *in comparison* to them. We have it again in Romeo and Juliet:—'My will *to* her consent is but a part,' i. e. is but a part *in comparison* to her consent. Antony Huish, in his *Pricianus Ephebus*, 1668, says:—'The English do *eclipse* many words which the Latines would to be expressed, e. g.—There is no enemy—to him we foster in our bosom, i. e. *like to or compared to*.' Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v. 127:—'There is no woe *to* his correction.'



*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites<sup>10</sup>. [*Ghost disappears.*]

*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fye, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden  
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end: but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget:—  
Do not muse<sup>11</sup> at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

*Ghost rises.*

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

<sup>10</sup> The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,  
b. ii. c. viii.:—

'Be not entombed in the raven or the kight.'

<sup>11</sup> Shakspeare uses to *muse* for to *wonder*, to be in *amaze*. So  
in King Henry IV. Part II. Act iv.:—

'I *muse*, you make so slight a question.'  
and in All's Well that Ends Well:—

'And rather *muse* than ask why I entreat you.'

'Would, he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all<sup>12</sup>.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth  
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation<sup>13</sup> in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger<sup>14</sup>,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:  
If trembling I inhabit<sup>15</sup> then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
[*Ghost disappears.*]

<sup>12</sup> That is 'we desire to drink' all good wishes to all.

<sup>13</sup> 'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes.' Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, explains '*Speculation*, the inward knowledge, or beholding of a thing.' Thus in the 115th Psalm:—'eyes have they, but see not.'

<sup>14</sup> *Hyrcan* for *Hyrcanian* was the mode of expression at that time.

<sup>15</sup> Pope changed *inhabit*, the reading of the old copy, to *inhibit*, and Steevens altered *then* to *thee*, so that in the late editions this line runs:—

'If trembling I *inhibit thee*, protest me  
The baby of a girl.'

To *inhibit* is to *forbid*, a meaning which will not suit with the context of the passage. The original text is sufficiently plain, and much in Shakspeare's manner. 'Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle, or any habitation; if I then hide my head, or dwell in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl.' If it had not been for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would have hardly required a note.

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—'Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome<sup>16</sup> us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe<sup>17</sup>,  
When now I think, you can behold such sights<sup>18</sup>,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse  
and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood; they say, blood will  
have blood;  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
speak;  
Augures<sup>19</sup>, and understood relations have,  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

<sup>16</sup> 'Overcome us,' pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer's cloud passes, unregarded.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. possess.

<sup>18</sup> 'You strike me with amazement, make me scarce know myself, now when I think that you can behold such sights unmoved, &c.'

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *auguries*, divinations; formerly spelt *augures*, as appears by Florio in voce *augurio*. By understood relations, pro-

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou<sup>20</sup>, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
There's not a one of them, but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
(And betimes I will), to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd<sup>21</sup>.

bably, connected circumstances *relating* to the crime are meant. I am inclined to think that the passage should be pointed thus:—

'Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak  
Augures; and understood relations have  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood.'

In all the modern editions we have it erroneously *augurs*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the *magpie*: stories, such as Shakspeare alludes to, are to be found in Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, and in Goulart's *Admirable Histories*.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *what say'st thou to this circumstance?* Thus in Macbeth's address to his wife on the first appearance of Banquo's ghost:—

'— behold! look! lo! *how say you?*'

So again in Othello, when the Duke is informed that the Turkish fleet was making for Rhodes, which he supposed to have been bound for Cyprus, he says:—

'*How say you* by this change?'

Again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Speed says, 'But, Launce, *how say'st thou*, that my master is become a notable 'over?'

<sup>21</sup> i. e. examined nicely.

*Lady M.* You lack the season<sup>22</sup> of all natures,  
sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and  
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed<sup>23</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Heath. Thunder.*

*Enter HECATE<sup>1</sup>, meeting the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look  
angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,  
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

<sup>22</sup> 'You lack the season of all nature's sleep.' Johnson explains this, 'You want sleep, which seasons or gives the relish to all natures.' Indiget somni vitæ condimenti. So in All's Well that Ends Well: 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.' It has, however, been suggested that the meaning is, 'You stand in need of the time or season of sleep which all natures require.' I incline to the last interpretation.

<sup>23</sup> The editions previous to Theobald's read:—

'We're but young indeed.'

The *initiate fear* is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by *hard use* or frequent repetition of it.

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare has been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and consequently for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But the poet has elsewhere shown himself well acquainted with the classical connexion which this deity had with witchcraft. Reginald Scot, in his *Discovery*, mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly 'meetings with Herodias and the Pagan gods,' and that 'in the night time they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans,' &c. Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as 'the *Ladie Sibylla*, *Minerva*, or *Diana*.' In *Middleton's Witch*, Hecate is the name of one of his witches, and she has a son a low buffoon. In *Jonson's Sad Sheperd*, Act ii. Sc. 3, Maudlin the witch calls *Hecate* the mistress of witches, 'Our dame, *Hecate*.' Shakspeare no doubt knew that *Diana* was the name by which the goddess was invoked in modern times, but has preferred her

To trade and traffick with Macbeth,  
 In riddles, and affairs of death;  
 And I, the mistress of your charms,  
 The close contriver of all harms,  
 Was never call'd to bear my part,  
 Or show the glory of our art?  
 And, which is worse, all you have done  
 Hath been but for a wayward son,  
 Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
 But make amends now: Get you gone,  
 And at the pit of Acheron  
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
 Will come to know his destiny.  
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
 Your charms, and every thing beside;  
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound<sup>2</sup>;  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

former appellation. Our great poet is not alone in the illegitimate pronunciation of *Hecate* as a dissyllable. Marlowe, who was a scholar, has also thus used it in his *Dr. Faustus*:—

‘Pluto’s blew fire and *Hecat’s* tree  
 With magick spells encompass thee.’

Jonson also, in the passage above cited, and even Milton, in his *Comus*, have taken the same liberty:—

‘Stay thy cloudy ebon chair  
 Wherein thou rid’st with Hecat, and befriend us,’ &c.

<sup>2</sup> Steevens remarks that Shakspeare’s mythological knowledge on this occasion appears to have deserted him; for as *Hecate* is only one of three names belonging to the same goddess, she could not properly be employed in one character to catch a drop that fell from her in another. In a *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, however, the poet was sufficiently aware of her threefold capacity:—

‘—fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecat’s team.’

*The vaporous drop profound* seems to have been meant for the

And that, distill'd by magick slights<sup>3</sup>,  
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
 As, by the strength of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :  
 And you all know, security  
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*<sup>4</sup>  
 Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be  
 back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LENOX and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your  
 thoughts,  
 Which can interpret further : only, I say,  
 Things have been strangely borne : The gracious  
 Duncan  
 Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—  
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;  
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.  
 Who cannot<sup>1</sup> want the thought, how monstrous  
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,  
 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !

same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Eriotho using it, lib. vi. :—

' — Et virus large *lunare* ministrat.'

<sup>3</sup> *Slights* are arts, subtle practices.

<sup>4</sup> This song is to be found entire in *The Witch*, by Middleton.

<sup>1</sup> Who cannot want the thought, &c. The sense requires who can want the thought ; but it is, probably, a lapse of the poet's pen.



How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,  
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,  
 He has borne all things well: and I do think,  
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not), they should find  
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he  
 fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
 Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell  
 Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.*

The son of Duncan,  
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
 Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff  
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:  
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
 To ratify the work), we may again  
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives<sup>2</sup>;  
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours<sup>3</sup>,  
 All which we pine for now: And this report

<sup>2</sup> 'Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives.' The construction is:—'Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives.'

<sup>3</sup> Johnson says, '*Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed*, 't purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without ead of a tyrant.' I have shown in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Act ii.

4, p. 322, that *free* meant *pure, chaste*, consequently *unspotted*, which may be its meaning here. *Free* also meant *noble*. See note on the Second Part of King Henry VI, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Hath so exasperate<sup>4</sup> the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*  
*That clogs me with this answer.*

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accurs'd<sup>5</sup>!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches<sup>1</sup>.*

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> *Exasperate*, for *exasperated*.

<sup>5</sup> '\_\_\_\_\_ to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed.'

The construction is 'to this our country, suffering under a hand accursed.'

<sup>1</sup> '*Enter the three Witches.*' Dr. Johnson has called the reader's attention to the 'judgment with which Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.' The urchin or hedgehog, like the toad, for its solitariness, the ugliness of its

3 *Witch.* Harper cries :—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest<sup>3</sup> stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd<sup>4</sup> venom, sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake :

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's<sup>5</sup> sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;

Witch's mummy ; maw and gulf<sup>6</sup>

appearance, and from a popular belief that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system ; and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in the *Tempest*.

<sup>3</sup> 'Coldest stone.' The old copy reads 'cold stone ;' the emendation is Steevens's. Mr. Boswell thinks that the alteration was unnecessary. See his *Essay on Shakspeare's Versification*.

<sup>4</sup> *Sweltered*. This word is employed to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations. So in the twenty-second song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :—

'And all the knights there dubb'd the morning but before,  
The evening sun beheld there *sweltered* in their gore.'

<sup>5</sup> The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. Thus in Drayton's *Noah's Flood* :—

'The small eyed *slow-worm* held of many *blind*.  
*Gulf*, the throat.

Of the ravin'd<sup>7</sup> salt-sea shark;  
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;  
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
 Gall of goat; and slips of yew,  
 Sliver'd<sup>8</sup> in the moon's eclipse;  
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab:  
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron<sup>9</sup>,  
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
 Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.  
*2 Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
 Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your pains;  
 And every one shall share i' the gains.  
 And now about the cauldron sing,  
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
 Enchanting all that you put in.

<sup>7</sup> To *ravin* according to Minshew is to *devour*, to *eat greedily*. *Ravin'd*, therefore, may be *glutted with prey*. Unless, with Malone, we suppose that Shakspeare used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. In Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519, occurs 'Thou art a *ravenar* of *delycatis*'.

<sup>8</sup> *Sliver* is a common word in the north, where it means to *cut a piece or slice*. Again in *King Lear*:—

'She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch.'

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*.

SONG<sup>10</sup>.

*Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and gray ;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch*. By the pricking of my thumbs<sup>11</sup>,  
Something wicked this way comes :——  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags ?  
What is't you do ?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me :  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches ; though the yesty<sup>12</sup> waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd<sup>13</sup>, and trees blown  
down ;  
Though castles topple<sup>14</sup> on their warders' heads ;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure  
Of nature's germins<sup>15</sup> tumble all together,

<sup>10</sup> 'Black spirits and white.' The original edition of this play only contains the two first words of this song ; the entire stanza is found in *The Witch*, by Middleton, and is there called 'A charme Song about a Vessel.'

<sup>11</sup> 'By the pricking of my thumbs.' It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. foaming, frothy.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. laid flat by wind or rain.

<sup>14</sup> *Topple*, tumble.

<sup>15</sup> *Germens*, seeds which have begun to sprout or germinate.

Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

*Macb.* Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow<sup>16</sup>; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high, or low;  
Thyself, and office, deftly<sup>17</sup> show.

*Thunder.* An Apparition of an armed Head rises<sup>18</sup>.

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought<sup>19</sup>.

<sup>16</sup> 'Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow.'

Shakspeare probably caught this idea from the laws of Kenneth II. king of Scotland:—'If a sow eate hir pigges, let hyr be stoned to death and buried, that no man eate of hyr flesh.'—*Holinshed's History of Scotland*, ed. 1577, p. 181.

<sup>17</sup> *Deftly* is adroitly, dexterously.

<sup>18</sup> The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

<sup>19</sup> *Silence* was necessary during all incantations. So in Dr. Faustus:—

'Your grace demand no questions,  
But in dumb *silence* let them come and go.'

And in *The Tempest*:—

'— he *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd.'

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough<sup>20</sup>.

[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd<sup>21</sup> my fear aright:—But one word  
more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's  
another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee<sup>22</sup>.

*App.* Be bloody, bold,

And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,

For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth<sup>23</sup>.

[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of  
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

<sup>20</sup> Spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned. The spirit in the Second Part of King Henry the Vith, Act iv. Sc. 1, says:—

'Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done.'

<sup>21</sup> *Harp'd*, touched on a passion as a harper touches a string.

<sup>22</sup> 'Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.' This singular expression probably means no more than 'I will listen to thee with all attention.'

<sup>23</sup> 'For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.' So Holinshed:—'And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. This prophecy put all fear out of his heart.'



*Thunder.* An Apparition of a Child crowned, with  
a Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty <sup>24</sup>?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill <sup>25</sup>  
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

*Macb.* That will never be;  
Who can impress the forest <sup>26</sup>; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!  
good!

Rebellious head <sup>27</sup>, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art

<sup>24</sup> The *round* is that part of a crown which encircles the head: the *top* is the ornament which rises above it.

<sup>25</sup> The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every subsequent instance the accent is misplaced. Thus in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce, 1729*, which Ritson thinks a good authority:—

'Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,  
When Canmore battled and the villain fell.'

Andrew of Wyntoun uses both accents.

Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another, &c. Thus Sir D. Lindsay:—

'Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May  
Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,  
Quhen the Lowmound beside Falkland  
Be liftit to Northumberland.'

<sup>26</sup> i. e. command it to serve him like a soldier impressed.

<sup>27</sup> 'Rebellious head.' The old copy reads *dead*; the emendation is *Theobald's*.

Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.*

Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise<sup>28</sup> is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart<sup>29</sup>;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in  
order; the last with a Glass in his Hand; BAN-  
QUO following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—  
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!  
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom<sup>30</sup>?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass<sup>31</sup>,

<sup>28</sup> *Noise* in our old poets is often literally synonymous for *music*. Vide a note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 4.

<sup>29</sup> 'Show his eyes, and grieve his heart.' And the man of thine, whom I shall not cut off from mine altar, shall be to *consume thine eyes, and to grieve thine heart.*—1 *Samuel*, ii. 33.

<sup>30</sup> i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* and *crash* were formerly synonymous.

<sup>31</sup> This method of juggling prophecy is referred to in Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 8:—

'——— and like a prophet

Looks in a glass, and shows me *future evils.*'

In an extract from the Penal Laws against witches, it is said 'they do answer either by voice, or else set before their eyes in glasses chrystal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the per-

Which shows me many more; and some I see,  
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry<sup>32</sup>:  
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd<sup>33</sup> Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights<sup>34</sup>,  
And show the best of our delights;  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique<sup>35</sup> round:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

sons or things sought for.' Spenser has given a circumstantial account of the *glass* which Merlin made for King Ryence.—*Faerie Queene*, b. iii. c. 2. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan, in the Squire's Tale of Chaucer: and we are told that 'a certaine philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which shewed him in a glasse the order of his enemies march.'—*Boisteau's Theatrum Mundi*, translated by John Alday, b. l. no date.

<sup>32</sup> 'That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.' This was intended as a compliment to James the First: he first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head, whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo, who is therefore represented not only as innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan.

<sup>33</sup> In Warwickshire, when a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted into tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *boltered*; and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-boltered*. When a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered* [pronounced *battered*]. The word *baltereth* is used in this sense by Philemon Holland in his Translation of Pliny's Natural History, 1601, b. xii. c. xvii. p. 370. It is therefore applicable to Banquo, who had 'twenty trenced gashes on his head.'

<sup>34</sup> i. e. *spirits*. It should seem that *spirits* was almost always pronounced *sprights* or *sprites* by Shakspeare's cotemporaries.

<sup>35</sup> *Antique* was the old spelling for *antick*.

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—  
Come in, without there!

*Enter* LENOX.

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
word,  
*Macduff* is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st<sup>36</sup> my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts; be it thought and  
done:

The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace<sup>37</sup> him in his line. No boasting like a fool:  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:  
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>36</sup> i. e. preventest them, by taking away the opportunity.

<sup>37</sup> i. e. follow, succeed in it.

SCENE II. Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none;  
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors<sup>1</sup>.

*Rosse.* You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave  
his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch<sup>2</sup>: for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz',  
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season<sup>3</sup>. I dare not speak much  
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour

<sup>1</sup> 'Our fears do make us traitors.' Our flight is considered as evidence of our treason.

<sup>2</sup> *Natural touch*, natural affection.

<sup>3</sup> *The fits o' the season* should appear to be the *violent disorders* of the season, its convulsions: as we still say figuratively *the temper of the times*. So in *Coriolanus*:—

' ————— but that

The *violent fit* o' th' times craves it as physic.'

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear<sup>4</sup>;  
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :  
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again :  
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
 Blessing upon you !

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :

I take my leave at once. [*Exit ROSSE.*]

*L. Macd.* Sirrah<sup>5</sup>, your father's dead ;  
 And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies ?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net,  
 nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they  
 are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for  
 a father ?

<sup>4</sup> 'The best I can make of this passage is,' says Steevens :—  
 'The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or  
 take for granted, what we hear rumoured or reported abroad ;  
 and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical govern-  
 ment, where *will* is substituted for *law*, we know not what we  
 have to fear, because we know not when we offend.' Or, 'when  
 we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we  
 hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which  
 we should be disturbed with fears.' A passage like this occurs  
 in King John :—

'Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,  
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.'

<sup>5</sup> *Sirrah* was not in our author's time a term of reproach, but  
 sometimes used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c.

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect<sup>6</sup>.

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

<sup>6</sup> i. e. I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.



If you will take a homely man's advice,  
 Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
 To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,  
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve  
 you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
 I have done no harm. But I remember now  
 I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,  
 Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,  
 Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!  
 Do I put up that womanly defence,  
 To say, I have done no harm?—What are these  
 faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
 Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd<sup>7</sup> villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg! [Stabbing him.]  
 Young fry of treachery!

*Son.* He has killed me, mother;  
 Run away, I pray you, [Dies.]

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying murder,  
 and pursued by the Murderers.]

<sup>7</sup> 'Shag-ear'd villain.' It has been suggested that we should read *shag-hair'd*, an abusive epithet frequent in our old plays. *Hair* being formerly spelt *heare*, the corruption would easily arise. In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of this Age*, 1596, 4to, p. 37, we have it thus: '*shag-heard slave*.'

## SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF<sup>1</sup>.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom<sup>2</sup>: Each new morn,  
New widows howl: new orphans cry: new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend<sup>3</sup>, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but  
something  
You may deserve<sup>4</sup> of him through me; and wisdom

<sup>1</sup> This scene is almost literally taken from Holinshed's Chronicle, which is in this part an abridgment of the chronicle of Hector Boece, as translated by John Bellenden. . From the recent reprints of both the Scottish and English chroniclers, quotations from them become the less necessary; they are now accessible to the reader curious in tracing the poet to his sources of information.

<sup>2</sup> *Birthdom*, for the place of our birth, our native land. Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV. Morton says:—

'————— he doth bestride a bleeding land.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. befriend.

<sup>4</sup> 'You may *deserve* of him through me.' The old copy reads *discerne*. The emendation was made by Theobald. In the subsequent part of the line something is wanted to complete the

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge<sup>5</sup>. But I shall crave your  
pardon ;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose :  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so<sup>6</sup>.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find my  
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love),  
Without leave taking ?—I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country !

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

sense. There is no verb to which *wisdom* can refer. Steevens conjectured that the line might originally have run thus :—

‘ ——— but something

You may deserve through me ; and wisdom is it  
To offer,’ &c.

<sup>5</sup> ‘ A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge.’

A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.

<sup>6</sup> This is not very clear. Johnson has thus attempted to explain it : ‘ My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor ; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany.’ An expression of a similar nature occurs in *Measure for Measure* :—

‘ ——— Good alone

Is good ; without a name villainess is so.’

For goodness dares not check thee!—wear thou thy wrongs;—

The title is affeer'd<sup>7</sup>!—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> To *affeer* is a law term, signifying to *assess* or *reduce to certainty*. The meaning therefore may be:—

'The title is confirmed to the usurper.'

My interpretation of the passage is this: 'Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, for goodness dares not check thee!' Then, addressing Malcolm, Macduff says, 'Wear thou thy wrongs,—the title to *thy crown* is now confirmed—' to the *usurper* he would probably have added, but that he interrupts himself with angry impatience, at being suspected of traitorous double dealing.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. immeasurable evils. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 2, we have:—

'— thou *unconfinable baseness*.'

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious<sup>9</sup>, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden<sup>10</sup>, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.  
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows,  
In my most ill compos'd affection, such  
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more: that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root

<sup>9</sup> Luxurious, lascivious.

<sup>10</sup> Sudden, passionate.

Than summer-seeming lust<sup>11</sup>: and it hath been  
 The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;  
 Scotland hath foysons<sup>12</sup> to fill up your will,  
 Of your mere own: All these are portable<sup>13</sup>,  
 With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none: The king-becoming graces,  
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
 Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
 I have no relish of them; but abound  
 In the division of each several crime,  
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
 Uproar the universal peace, confound  
 All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland! Scotland!

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
 I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
 No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
 With an untitled<sup>14</sup> tyrant bloody-sceptred,  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
 Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee;

<sup>11</sup> Sir W. Blackstone proposed to read *summer-seeding*, which was adopted by Steevens; but there appears no reason for change. The meaning of the epithet may be, 'lust as hot as summer.' In Donne's Poems Malone has pointed out its opposite—*winter-seeming*.

<sup>12</sup> *Foysons*, plenty.

<sup>13</sup> *Portable* answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*.

<sup>14</sup> 'With an untitled tyrant.' Thus in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale*:—

'Right so betwix a *tittleles tiraunt*  
 And an outlawe.'



Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived<sup>15</sup>. Fare thee well!  
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste<sup>16</sup>; But God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction: here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow; and delight  
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
All ready at a point, was setting forth:  
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at  
once,  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

<sup>15</sup> 'Died every day she lived.' The expression is derived from the Sacred Writings:—'I protest by your rejoicing, which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily*.'

<sup>16</sup> *Credulous haste*, overhasty credulity.



*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls, That stay his cure: their malady convinces <sup>17</sup>. The great assay of art; but, at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:  
A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp <sup>18</sup> about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter ROSSE.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *overcomes* it. We have before seen this word used in the same Latin sense, at p. 237, Act i. Sc. 7, of this play. 'To *convince* or *convicte*, to vanquish and overcome. *Evinco.*'

BARET.

<sup>18</sup> *A golden stamp*, the coin called an angel; the value of which was ten shillings.

*Mal.* I know him now : Good God, betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers !

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country !  
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent<sup>19</sup> the  
air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy<sup>20</sup> ; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What is the newest grief ?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children ?

*Rosse.* Well too<sup>21</sup>.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

*Rosse.* No ; they were well at peace, when I did  
leave them.

<sup>19</sup> 'To *rent* is an ancient verb, which has been long disused,' say the editors : in other words it is the old orthography of the verb to *rend*.

<sup>20</sup> It has been before observed that Shakspeare uses *ecstasy* for every species of alienation of mind, whether proceeding from sorrow, joy, wonder, or any other exciting cause. *Modern* is generally used by him in the sense of *common*. *A modern ecstasy* is therefore a *common grief*. Vide Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 265.

<sup>21</sup> Thus in Antony and Cleopatra :—

' ————— We use  
To say, the dead are well.'

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:  
Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff<sup>22</sup> their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be it their comfort,  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;  
An older, and a better soldier; none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* 'Would, I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch<sup>23</sup> them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief<sup>24</sup>,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,

<sup>22</sup> To *doff* is to do off, to put off.

<sup>23</sup> To *latch* (in the North) signifies the same as to *catch*. Thus also Golding, in his translation of the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:—

'As though he would, at everie stride, betweene his teeth  
hir *latch*.

Again in the eighth book:—

'But that a bough of chesnut-tree, thick leaved, by the way  
Did *latch* it,' &c.

<sup>24</sup> 'Or is it a *fee-grief*,' a peculiar sorrow, a grief that hath  
but a single owner. So in a *Lover's Complaint*:—

'My woeful self that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own *fee-simple*.'

In these singular passages Steevens remarks that 'the attorney  
has been guilty of a flat trespass on the poet.'

But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for  
ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humph! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and  
babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry<sup>25</sup> of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break<sup>26</sup>.

*Macd.* My children too?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:

<sup>25</sup> *Quarry*, the game after it is killed: it is a term used both in hunting and falconry. The old English term *querre* is used for the *square* spot wherein the dead game was deposited. *Quarry* is also used for the game pursued.

<sup>26</sup> 'Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.'

'Those are killing griefs which dare not speak.'

*Vittoria Corombona.*

'Light sorrows often speake,  
When great, the heart in silence breake.'

*Greene's Tragical History of Faire Bellora.*

'Striving to tell his woes, words would not come,  
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombe.'

*Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond.*

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?  
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop<sup>27</sup>?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man<sup>28</sup>.

*Macd.*

I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls; Heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let  
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle hea-  
vens,

Cut short all intermission<sup>29</sup>: front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.*

This tune<sup>30</sup> goes manly.

Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;

<sup>27</sup> 'At one fell swoop.' *Swoop*, from the verb *to swoop* or *sweep*, is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. So in the *White Devil*, 1612:—

'That she may take away all at one swoop.'

<sup>28</sup> i. e. *contend* with your present sorrow like a man. Thus in *Twelfth Night*, Act. iv. Sc. 3:—

'For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense.'

<sup>29</sup> *All intermission*, all pause, all intervening time.

<sup>30</sup> The old copy reads *time*. The emendation is Rowe's.

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments<sup>31</sup>. Receive what cheer  
you may;  
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting  
Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but  
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it  
she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I  
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-  
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,  
fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and  
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast  
sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive  
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of  
watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her  
walking, and other actual performances, what, at  
any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you  
should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one; having no  
witness to confirm my speech.

<sup>31</sup> i. e. encourage, thrust *us* their instruments forward against  
the tyrant.



*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see her eyes 'are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut<sup>1</sup>.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky<sup>2</sup>!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can

<sup>1</sup> 'Ay, but their sense is shut.' The old copy reads 'Ay, but their sense *are* shut.' Malone has quoted other instances of the same inaccurate grammar, according to modern notions, from Julius Cæsar:—

'The posture of his blows *are* yet unknown.'

And from the hundred and twelfth Sonnet of Shakspeare:—

'In so profound abysm I throw all care  
Of others' voices, that my adder's *sense*  
To critick and to flatterer stopped *are*.'

Vide note on Hamlet, Act i. Sc. i.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Macbeth, in her dream, imagines herself talking to her husband, who (she supposes) had just said *Hell is murky* (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed), and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.—'Hell is murky!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard?' This explanation is by Steevens, and appears to me very judicious.



call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting<sup>3</sup>.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* 'Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit LADY MACBETH.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

<sup>3</sup> 'You mar all with this starting.' She is here again alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad; Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—  
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:  
My mind she has mated<sup>4</sup>, and amaz'd my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATH-  
NESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by  
Malcolm,

His uncle Siward<sup>1</sup>, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortified man<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> 'My mind she has mated.' *Mated*, or amated, from *matté*, old French, signified to *overcome, confound, dismay, or make afraid*. The word is to be found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616; in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*; and in Philips's *World of Words*. Philips distinguishes it as an *old word*, or obsolete; and derives it from the Saxon; but, I believe, without foundation.

<sup>1</sup> Duncan had two sons by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, Earl of Northumberland*. HOLINSHED.

<sup>2</sup> By the *mortified man* is meant a *religious man*; one who has mortified his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it; an *ascetic*. So in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

'He like a *mortified* hermit sits.'

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1:—

'My loving lord, Dumain is *mortified*;

The grosser manner of this world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves.'

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough<sup>3</sup> youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there<sup>4</sup>!

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medecin<sup>5</sup> of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

<sup>3</sup> 'And many unrough youths.' This odd expression means *smooth-faced, unbearded*. See the *Tempest*:—

'—— till new born chins

Be *rough* and razorable.'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation.

<sup>5</sup> *The medecin*, the physician. In the *Winter's Tale*, Camillo is called by Perdita 'the medecin of our house.'

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm!  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequence, have pronounc'd me thus:  
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false  
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures<sup>1</sup>:  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sagg<sup>2</sup> with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon<sup>3</sup>!  
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand——

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare derived this thought from Holinshed:—'The Scottish people before had no knowledge of nor understanding of fine fare or riotous surfeit; yet after they had once tasted the sweet poisoned bait thereof,' &c. 'those superfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with Englishmen.'—*Hist. of Scotland*, p. 179.

<sup>2</sup> To sag, or swag, is to hang down by its own weight, or by an overload.

<sup>3</sup> '—— cream-fac'd loon.' This word, which signifies a base abject fellow, is now only used in Scotland; it was formerly common in England, but spelt *loun*, and is justly considered by Horne Tooke as the past participle of *to low* or *abase*. *Lowt* has the same origin.

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch<sup>4</sup>?  
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counsellors to fear<sup>5</sup>. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am  
 sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
 I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
 Is fall'n into the sear<sup>6</sup>, the yellow leaf:

<sup>4</sup> *Patch*, an appellation of contempt, signifying *fool* or *low wretch*.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. they infect others who see them with cowardice. In King Henry V. the King says to the conspirators, 'Your cheeks are paper.'

<sup>6</sup> *Sear* is *dry, withered*. We have the same expression and sentiment in Spenser's Pastorals:—

'Also my lustful leaf is *drie* and *seare*.'

For 'way of life' Johnson would read '*May* of life; in which he was followed by Steevens and others. Warburton contended for the original reading, and was followed by Mason. At a subsequent period Steevens acquiesced in the propriety of the old reading, *way of life*, which he interprets, with his predecessors, *course* or *progress*. Malone followed the same track. The fact is that these ingenious writers have mistaken the phrase, which is neither more nor less than a simple paraphrasis for *life*. A few examples will make this clear:—

'If that when I was mistress of myself,  
 And in my *way of youth* clear and untainted.'

*Massinger's Roman Actor.*

'In *way of youth* I did enjoy one friend.'

*A very Woman.*

i. e. in my *youth*.

'So much nobler

Shall be your *way of justice*.' *Thierry and Theodoret.*

i. e. your *justice*.

'He shall be found, and such a *way of justice* inflicted  
 on him?' *Queen of Corinth.*

i. e. such *justice*.

'Thus ready for the *way of life* or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow.'

*Pericles.*

i. e. for life or death.

'——— Is there no other *way of mercy*,

But I must needs to the Tower?' *King Henry VIII.*

This note I have abridged from Mr. Gifford's edition of *Massinger*, vol. iv. p. 309. 'I should have been contented with

And that which should accompany old age,  
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.  
 Seyton!——

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr<sup>7</sup> the country round;  
 Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.  
 How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
 That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:  
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd<sup>8</sup>;

fewer examples (says that excellent critic), had not my respect for Shakspeare made me desirous of disencumbering his page, by ascertaining beyond the possibility of cavil the meaning of an expression so long and so laboriously agitated. To return to *Macbeth*: the *severe and yellow leaf* is the commencement of the winter of life or of old age; to this he has attained, and he laments, in a strain of inimitable pathos and beauty, that it is unaccompanied by those blessings which render it supportable. As his manhood was without virtue, so he has now before him the certain prospect of an old age without honour.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *scour* the country round.

<sup>8</sup> The following very remarkable passage in the *Amadigi* of Bernardo Tasso, which bears a striking resemblance to the words



Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
 Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
 Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it:—  
 Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff;—  
 Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:  
 Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
 The water of my land<sup>9</sup>, find her disease,  
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
 That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—  
 What rhubarb, senna<sup>10</sup>, or what purgative drug,  
 Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou  
 of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
 Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—  
 I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

of Macbeth, was first pointed out in Mr. Weber's edition of Ford:—

'Ma chi puote con erbe, od argomenti  
 Guarir l'infermità del intelletto?'

*Cant.* xxxvi. St. 37.

<sup>9</sup> To cast the water was the empiric phrase for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

<sup>10</sup> 'What rhubarb, senna.' The old copy reads *cyme*. The emendation is Rowe's.



## SCENE IV.

*Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough<sup>1</sup>,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given<sup>2</sup>,  
Both more and less<sup>3</sup> have given him the revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

<sup>1</sup> A similar incident is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in his Northern History, lib. vii. cap. xx. De Strategemate Hachonis per Frondes.

<sup>2</sup> 'For where there is advantage to be given.' Dr. Johnson thought that we should read:—

'— where there is a *vantage* to be *gone*.'

i. e. when there is an opportunity to be gone, all ranks desert him. We might perhaps read:—

'— where there is advantage to be *gained*.'

and the sense would be nearly similar, with less violence to the text of the old copy.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Greater and less, or high and low, those of all ranks.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Sic.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe<sup>4</sup>.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate<sup>5</sup>:  
Towards which, advance the war<sup>6</sup>.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEY-  
TON, and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

<sup>4</sup> 'What we shall say we have, and what we owe.' I think, with Mason, that Siward only means to say, in more pompous language, that the time approached which was to decide their fate.

<sup>5</sup> *Arbitrate*, determine.

<sup>6</sup> It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close the scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakspeare's motive for continuing such a practice, he often seems immediately to repent of it; and in this tragedy, as in other places, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemisticks, which destroy the effect, and defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets.

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell<sup>1</sup> of hair  
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
 As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
 Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

*Scy.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;  
 There would have been a time for such a word<sup>2</sup>.—  
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time<sup>3</sup>;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,

<sup>1</sup> '— my fell of hair,' my hairy part, my *capilitium*. *Fell* is skin, properly a sheep's skin with the wool on it. Thus in King Lear:—

'The gongeres shall devour them flesh and fell.'

A *fell*-monger is still the denomination of a dealer in hides.

<sup>2</sup> 'There would have been a time for such a word.' Macbeth might mean that there would have been a more convenient *time* for such a *word*, for such *intelligence*. By a *word* certainly more than a single one was meant. Thus in King Richard II.:—

'The hopeless word of, never to return,  
 Breathe I against thee.'

*Un mot* sometimes means a *sentence* also in French: and we still say '*word* was brought' when *intelligence* is meant.

<sup>3</sup> 'The last syllable of recorded time' seems to signify the utmost period fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. The record of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expression; but as we only know transactions, past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written.

I shall report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave<sup>4</sup>!

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling<sup>5</sup> thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pull in resolution; and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane*;—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—  
Ring the alarum-bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness<sup>6</sup> on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> '[*Striking him*]' says the stage direction in the margin of all the modern editions; but this stage direction is not in the old copies: it was first interpolated by Rowe; and is now omitted on the suggestion of the late Mr. Kemble. See his *Essay on Macbeth and King Richard III.* Lond. 1817, p. 111.

<sup>5</sup> To *cling*, in the northern counties, signifies to shrivel, wither, or dry up. *Clung-wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. The same idea is well expressed by Pope in his version of the nineteenth Iliad, 166:—

<sup>6</sup> *Clung with dry famine, and with toils declin'd.*

<sup>6</sup> *Harness, armour.*

## SCENE VI.

*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,

And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle, Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son, Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we, Shall take upon us<sup>7</sup> what else remains to do, According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

## SCENE VII.

*The same. Another Part of the Plain.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bearlike, I must fight the course<sup>1</sup>.—What's he,  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

<sup>7</sup> The first folio reads *upon's*.

<sup>1</sup> 'But, bearlike, I must fight the course.' This was a phrase at bear-baiting. 'Also you shall see two ten dog courses at the great bear.'—*Antipodes*, by Brome.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce  
a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruided<sup>2</sup>: Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Bruided* is reported, noised abroad; from *bruit*, Fr. So in King Henry IV. Part II.:—

' ——— his death

Being *bruided* once,' &c.

Any noise or report is called a *brute* by the writers of Shakspeare's age. Thus Baret:—'False *brutes* or *reportes*. Falsæ voculæ.—The *brute* or common *reporte* was in old time,' &c.

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord;—the castle's gently  
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die<sup>3</sup>  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword<sup>4</sup>; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

*Macb.* Thou losest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> 'Why should I play the Roman fool, and die.' Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica. The circumstance is mentioned again in Julius Cæsar:—

'I did blame *Cato* for the death  
Which he did give himself.'

<sup>4</sup> 'My voice is in my sword.' Thus *Casca*, in Julius Cæsar:—  
'Speak, hands, for me.'

<sup>5</sup> 'The intrenchant air,' the air which cannot be cut. So in *Hamlet*:—

'For it is as the air invulnerable.'



With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :  
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
 I bear a charmed life<sup>6</sup>, which must not yield  
 To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm ;  
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,  
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
 Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man :  
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
 That palter<sup>7</sup> with us in a double sense ;  
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
 And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.  
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
 Painted upon a pole ; and underwrit,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

*Macb.* I'll not yield,  
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,

<sup>6</sup> ' I bear a charmed life.' In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in Cymbeline, Act v. :—

' — I, in mine own woe *charm'd*,  
 Could not find death.'

Again in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. 4 :—

' — *he bears a charmed shield*,  
 And eke enchanted arms, that none can pierce.'

<sup>7</sup> ' That palter with us in a double sense.' That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions.

Yet I will try the last: Before my body  
 I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;  
 And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough*<sup>8</sup>.  
*[Exeunt, fighting.]*

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;  
 He only liv'd but till he was a man:  
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
 But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause  
 of sorrow  
 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
 It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!  
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

<sup>8</sup> To cry *hold!* was the word of yielding (according to Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 74), that is, when one of the combatants cries so. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by the following passage produced by Mr. Tollet: it declares it to be a capital offence 'Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them.'

*Bellay's Instructions for the Wars, 1599.*

This illustrates the passage in Act i. Sc. 5, of this play:—

'Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark  
 To cry *Hold! hold!*'

I would not wish them to a fairer death<sup>9</sup>:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more;  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:  
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer  
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head on  
a Pole*<sup>10</sup>.

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where  
stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl<sup>11</sup>,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, king of Scotland!  
[*Flourish.*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense<sup>12</sup> of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

<sup>9</sup> 'When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, "in the fore part;" he replied, "*I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.*"'—*Camden's Remaines.*

The same incident is recorded by Holinshed, vol. i. p. 192.

<sup>10</sup> These words, '*on a pole,*' Mr. Steevens added to the stage direction from the Chronicle. The stage directions of the players are often incorrect, and sometimes ludicrous.

<sup>11</sup> '*Thy kingdom's pearl,*' thy kingdom's wealth or ornament. Rowe altered this to *peers*, without authority.

<sup>12</sup> To *spend an expense* of time is, it is true, an awkward expression, yet it is probably correct; for, in the Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 1, Antipholus of Ephesus says 'This jest shall *cost me some expense.*'

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd<sup>13</sup>. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiendlike queen;  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place:  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

<sup>13</sup> 'Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfair; in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles*; as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus.'—*Holinshed's History of Scotland*, p. 176.

THIS play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character: the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I knew not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

JOHNSON.

## KING JOHN.



*Constance.* Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

ACT III. SC. I.

---

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.





# King John.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS historical play was founded on a former drama, entitled 'The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publickly acted by the Queenes Majesties Players in the honourable Cittie of London.' This piece, which was in two parts, was 'printed at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591,' without the author's name: was again republished in 1611, with the letters W. Sh. in the title-page; and afterwards, in 1622, with the name of William Shakspeare at length. It may be found by the curious reader among the 'Six Old Plays on which Shakspeare founded,' &c. published by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Nichols some years since.

Shakspeare has followed the old play in the conduct of its plot, and has even adopted some of its lines. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin and ballad metre; and, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour which, from their particular turn, were most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare. Pope attributes the old play to Shakspeare and Rowley conjointly; but we know not on

what foundation. Dr. Farmer thinks there is no doubt that Rowley wrote the old play; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one under his name.

Though, as Johnson observes, King John is not 'written with the utmost power of Shakspeare,' yet it has parts of preeminent pathos and beauty, and characters highly interesting drawn with great force and truth. The scene between John and Hubert is perhaps one of the most masterly and striking which our poet ever penned. The secret workings of the dark and turbulent soul of the usurper, ever shrinking from the full development of his own bloody purpose, the artful expressions of grateful attachment by which he wins Hubert to do the deed, and the sententious brevity of the close, manifest that consummate skill and wonderful knowledge of human character which are to be found in Shakspeare alone. But what shall we say of that heart-rending scene between Hubert and Arthur, a scene so deeply affecting the soul with terror and pity, that even the sternest bosom must melt into tears; it would perhaps be too overpowering for the feelings, were it not for the 'alleviating influence of the innocent and artless eloquence of the poor child.' His death afterwards, when he throws himself from the prison walls, excites the deepest commiseration for his hapless fate. The maternal grief of Constance, moving the haughty unbending soul of a proud queen and affectionate mother to the very confines of the most hopeless despair, bordering on madness, is no less finely conceived than sustained by language of the most impassioned and vehement eloquence. How exquisitely beautiful are the following lines:—

'Grief fills the room up of my absent child;  
Lies in his bed; walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.'

Shakspeare has judiciously preserved the character of the Bastard Faulconbridge, which was furnished him by the old play, to alleviate by his comic humour the poignant grief excited by the too painful events of the tragic part of the play. Faulconbridge is a favourite with every one: he is not only a man of wit, but an heroic soldier; and we lean toward him from the first for the good humour he displays in his litigation with his brother respecting the succession to his supposed father:—

‘He hath a trick of Cœur de Lion’s face,  
The very spirit of Plantagenet!’

This bespeaks our favour toward him: his courage, his wit, and his frankness secure it.

Schlegel has remarked that, in this play, ‘the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they possess but little true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch are evident in the style of the manifesto; conventional dignity is most indispensable when personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge ridicules the secret springs of politics without disapproving them, but frankly confesses that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived.’ Our commiseration is a little excited for the fallen and degraded monarch toward the close of the play. The death of the king and his previous suffering are not among the least impressive parts; they carry a pointed moral.

Malone places the date of the composition in 1596.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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KING JOHN :

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief Justiciary of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge :*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds,  
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

# KING JOHN.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State  
in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE,  
ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATIL-  
LON.

*King John.*

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of  
France,

In my behaviour<sup>1</sup>, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories;  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,

<sup>1</sup> *In my behaviour* probably means 'In the words and action  
I am now going to use.' In the fifth act of this play the Bastard  
says to the French king:—

'—Now hear our English king,  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.'

Which sways usurpingly these several titles;  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control<sup>2</sup> of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood  
for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The furthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:  
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And sullen<sup>3</sup> presage of your own decay.—  
An honourable conduct let him have:—  
Pembroke, look to't; Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented and made whole,

<sup>2</sup> *Control* here means *constraint* or *compulsion*. In the second act of King Henry V. when Exeter demands of the King of France the surrender of his crown, the king answers, 'Or else what follows?' and Exeter replies:—

'Bloody *constraint*; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. gloomy, dismal. Thus in King Henry VI. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2:—

'Why are thy eyes fixed on the *sullen* earth?'

And in King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 3:—

'The *sullen* passage of thy weary steps.'

So Milton in his Sonnet to his friend Lawrence:—

'————— help waste a *sullen* day.'

With very easy arguments of love!  
Which now the manage<sup>4</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right  
for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than  
your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;  
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who  
whispers ESSEX.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*  
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,  
and PHILIP, his bastard Brother*<sup>5</sup>.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,

<sup>4</sup> i. e. conduct, administration. So in King Richard II.:—  
' ——— for the rebels

Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.'

<sup>5</sup> Shakspeare in adopting the character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, proceeded on the following slight hint:—

'Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,

A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous.'

The character is compounded of two distinct personages. 'Sub illius temporis curriculo *Falcasius de Brente*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat.' *Mathew Paris*.—Holinshed says that 'Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges to revenge the death of his father.' Perhaps the name of Faulconbridge was suggested by the following passage in the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, 6:—  
'One *Faulconbridge*, th' erle of Kent his *bastarde*, a stoute-hearted man.'



Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame  
thy mother,  
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year;  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow:—Why, being  
younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But whe'r<sup>6</sup> I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him;—  
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

<sup>6</sup> Whether.

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

*Eli.* He hath a trick<sup>7</sup> of Cœur-de-lion's face,  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father;  
With that half face would he have all my land:  
A half-faced groat<sup>8</sup> five hundred pound a year!

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much;—

*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;  
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time:  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:  
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Shakspeare uses the word *trick* generally in the sense of 'a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature.' Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 1:—

'Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour.'

And in *King Henry IV. Part 1.*:—'That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly mine own opinion; but chiefly a villanous *trick* of thine eye.'

<sup>8</sup> The poet makes Faulconbridge allude to the silver groats of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. which had on them a *half-face* or profile. In the reign of John there were no groats at all, the first being coined in the reign of Edward III. The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:—

'You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick cheek'd chitty face.'

<sup>9</sup> This is Homeric, and is thus rendered by Chapman in the first *Iliad*:—

'— hills enow, and farre-resounding seas  
Powre out their shades and deepes betweene.'

Between my father and my mother lay  
(As I have heard my father speak himself),  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,  
That this my mother's son was none of his;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:  
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow from all the world;  
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes<sup>10</sup>,—  
My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-  
bridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence<sup>11</sup>, and no land beside?

<sup>10</sup> i. e. 'this is a decisive argument.'

<sup>11</sup> Lord of thy presence means possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
 And I had his, Sir Robert his<sup>12</sup>, like him :  
 And if my legs were too such riding-rods,  
 My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,  
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
 Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings<sup>13</sup>  
 goes !

And, to<sup>14</sup> his shape, were heir to all this land,  
 'Would, I might never stir from off this place,  
 I'd give it every foot to have this face;  
 I would not be sir Nob<sup>15</sup> in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me;  
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my  
 chance :

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;  
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—  
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name ?

Wotton's beautiful poem of *The Happy Man* we have a line re-  
 sembling this :—

*' Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing yet hath all.'*

<sup>12</sup> *Sir Robert his* for '*Sir Robert's*;' *his*, according to a mis-  
 taken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive  
 case.

<sup>13</sup> Queen Elizabeth coined threepenny, threehalfpenny, and  
 threefarthing pieces; these pieces all had her head on the ob-  
 verse, and some of them a *rose* on the reverse. Being of silver,  
 they were extremely *thin*; and hence the allusion. The *roses*  
 stuck in the ear, or in a lock near it, were generally of ribbon;  
 but Burton says that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers  
 in the ear. Some gallants had their ears bored and wore their  
 mistresses' silken shoestrings in them.

<sup>14</sup> *To his shape*, i. e. *in addition to it.* <sup>15</sup> Robert.



*Bast.* Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;  
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose  
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise<sup>16</sup> more great:  
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet<sup>17</sup>.

*Bast.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your  
hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—  
Now blessed be the hour by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!—  
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth:  
What though?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch<sup>18</sup>:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy  
desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed  
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!  
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

<sup>16</sup> The old copy reads *rise*.

<sup>17</sup> *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet.

<sup>18</sup> These expressions were common in the time of Shakspeare for being born out of wedlock.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—  
*Good den*<sup>19</sup>, *Sir Richard*,—*God-a-mercy, fellow*;—  
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:  
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
 'Tis too respective<sup>20</sup>, and too sociable,  
 For your conversion<sup>21</sup>. Now your traveller<sup>22</sup>,—  
 He and his toothpick at my worship's mess<sup>23</sup>;  
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise  
 My picked man of countries<sup>24</sup>:—*My dear sir*  
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin),  
*I shall beseech you*—That is question now;  
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book<sup>25</sup>:—  
*O sir*, says answer, *at your best command*;  
*At your employment*; *at your service, sir*:—  
*No, sir*, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours*:  
 And, so, ere answer knows what question would  
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment;  
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,  
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po),

<sup>19</sup> Good evening.

<sup>20</sup> *Respective* does not here mean *respectful*, as the commentators have explained it, but *considerative, regardful*. See Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>21</sup> Change of condition.

<sup>22</sup> It is said, in All's Well that Ends Well, that 'a traveller is a good thing after dinner.' In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions.

<sup>23</sup> 'At my worship's mess' means at that part of the table where I, as a knight, shall be placed. See note on All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. Sc. 2.—'Your worship' was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakspeare's time, as 'your honour' was to a lord.

<sup>24</sup> *My picked man of countries* may be equivalent to *my travelled fop*: *picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquisite* is explained in the dictionaries *exquisitely, pikedly*: so that our modern *exquisites* and *dandies* are of the same race.

<sup>25</sup> An ABC or *absey-book*, as it was then called, is a catechism.

It draws towards supper in conclusion so.  
 But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:  
 For he is but a bastard to the time,  
 That doth not smack of observation<sup>26</sup>:  
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no);  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;  
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?  
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,  
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her<sup>27</sup>?

*Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

O me! it is my mother;—How now, good lady?  
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where  
 is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Bast.* My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?  
 Colbrand the giant<sup>28</sup>, that same mighty man?  
 Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
 Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?  
 He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

<sup>26</sup> i. e. he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries.

<sup>27</sup> Shakspeare probably meant to insinuate that a woman who travels about like a post was likely to horn her husband.

<sup>28</sup> Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book in the poet's age. Drayton has described the combat very pompously in his Polyolbion.



*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile!

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bast.* Philip?—sparrow<sup>29</sup>!—James,  
There's toys abroad<sup>30</sup>; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:  
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;  
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?  
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-  
like<sup>31</sup>:

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;  
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;

<sup>29</sup> The Bastard means '*Philip!* Do you take me for a *sparrow?*'  
The sparrow was called *Philip* from its note, which was supposed to have some resemblance to that word, '*phip phip* the sparrows as they fly.'—*Lyly's Mother Bombe.*

<sup>30</sup> i. e. rumours, idle reports.

<sup>31</sup> This is a piece of satire on the stupid old drama of *Soliman and Perseda*, printed in 1599, which had probably become the butt for stage sarcasm. In this piece there is a bragging cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown and seen through that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates; thus:—

*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

*Pist.* By the contents of this blade,—

*Bas.* By the contents of this blade,—

*Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilico—

*Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilico,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.

*Pist.* *Knave*, good fellow, *knave*.

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy  
father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—  
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts<sup>32</sup>,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>32</sup> Shakspeare alludes to the fabulous history of King Richard I. which says that he derived his appellation of *Cœur de Lion* from having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he had been exposed by the Duke of Austria for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. The story is related in several of the old chronicles, as well as in the old metrical romance.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria<sup>1</sup>, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—  
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:  
 And, for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance<sup>2</sup>, hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,  
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war:  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love:  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*Lew.* A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

<sup>1</sup> Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the date of the events upon which this play turns. The cause of the enmity between Richard and the Duke of Austria is variously related by the old chroniclers. Shakspeare has been led into this anachronism by the old play of King John.

<sup>2</sup> Importunity.

As seal to this indenture of my love;  
That to my home I will no more return,  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's  
thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
To make a more<sup>3</sup> requital to your love.

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their  
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well then, to work; our cannon shall  
be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages<sup>4</sup>:—  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war:  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. greater. So in King Henry IV. Part 1. Act iv. Sc. 3:—

'The more and less came in with cap and knee.'

<sup>4</sup> To mark the best stations to overawe the town.

*Enter CHATILLON.*

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I:

His marches are expedient<sup>5</sup> to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Até<sup>6</sup>, stirring him to blood and strife:

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;

With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:

And all the unsettled humours of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,

Than now, the English bottoms have waft<sup>7</sup> o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and scath<sup>8</sup> in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,

To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

<sup>5</sup> Immediate, expeditious.

<sup>6</sup> The Goddess of Revenge.

<sup>7</sup> *Waft* for *wafted*. So in another place in this play we have  
*heat* for *heated*:—

'The iron of itself though *heat* red hot,'

<sup>8</sup> Damage, harm, hurt.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence;  
For courage mounteth with occasion:  
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France; if France in peace  
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!  
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England; if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace!  
England we love; and, for that England's sake,  
With burden of our armour here we sweat:  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought<sup>9</sup> his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence<sup>10</sup> of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief<sup>11</sup> into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born;  
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,  
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,  
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,

<sup>9</sup> Undermined.

<sup>10</sup> Succession.

<sup>11</sup> A short writing, abstract, or description.

When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal<sup>12</sup> judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;  
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

*Const.* Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;  
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world<sup>13</sup>!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,  
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot;  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother<sup>14</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> Celestial.

<sup>13</sup> Surely (says Holinshed), Queen Eleanor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were king, *how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande*, till her son should come of lawful age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary.

<sup>14</sup> Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis the VIIth, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards, in 1151, married our King Henry II.



*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Bast.* Hear the crier<sup>15</sup>.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you, An 'a may catch your hide and you alone<sup>16</sup>.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard<sup>17</sup>;  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes<sup>18</sup> upon an ass:—  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

*K. Phi.* Lewis, determine what we shall do  
straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—

<sup>15</sup> Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers in the courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-yes*. Austria had just said *Peace*!

<sup>16</sup> Austria, who had killed King Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This was the ground of the Bastard's quarrel.

<sup>17</sup> The proverb alluded to is 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insul-tant.'—*Erasmi Adagia*.

<sup>18</sup> Theobald thought that we should read *Alcides' shows*; but Malone has shown that the shoes of Hercules were very frequently introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. Theobald supposed that the shoes must be placed on the *back* of the ass, instead of upon his *hoofs*, and therefore proposed his alteration.

England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:  
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon:—I do defy thee,  
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;  
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:  
Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;  
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!  
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this coil<sup>19</sup> that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he  
weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r<sup>20</sup> she does  
or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth;  
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights,  
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,

<sup>19</sup> Bustle.

<sup>20</sup> Whether.

Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,—  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague, her sin; his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin<sup>21</sup>;  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her; A plague upon her!

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked  
will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady; pause, or be more tem-  
perate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim<sup>22</sup>

To these ill tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

<sup>21</sup> The key to this obscure passage is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the *second commandment* of 'visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the *third* and *fourth* generation.' Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother, but also by *her* in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is *plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is *her sin*, i. e. (taking by a common figure the cause for the consequence) the *penalty entailed upon it*. *His* injury, or the evil *he* suffers, *her* sin brings upon him, and *her* injury or the evil *she* inflicts he suffers from *her*, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. to encourage. It is a term taken from Archery. See note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 2, vol. i. p. 176.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.*

England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle<sup>23</sup>.

*K. John.* For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;  
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:  
All preparation for a bloody siege,  
And merciless proceeding by these French,  
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordnance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—  
Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—  
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears:

<sup>23</sup> Conference.

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied<sup>24</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:  
For this down trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town,  
Being no further enemy to you,  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
To him that owes<sup>25</sup> it; namely, this young prince:  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the roundure<sup>26</sup> of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war;  
Though all these English, and their discipline,

<sup>24</sup> Worn out.

<sup>25</sup> Owns.

<sup>26</sup> Roundure, from *rondare*, Fr.; circle. Thus in Shakspeare's twenty-first Sonnet:—

‘———— all things rare,  
That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems.’

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove  
the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many, and as well born bloods as  
those,——

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those  
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phi.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to  
arms!

*Bast.* St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and  
e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence;—Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah [*To Austria*], with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide<sup>27</sup>,  
And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace; no more.

*Bast.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so;—[*To LEWIS*] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets to the gates.*

*F. Her.* <sup>1</sup>You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French;  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

<sup>27</sup> So in the old play of King John:—

'But let the frolic Frenchman take no scorn  
If Philip fronts him with an English horn.'

<sup>1</sup> Johnson observes, 'This speech is very poetical and smooth, and, except the conceit of the *widow's husband* embracing the earth, is just and beautiful.'



*Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day!

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood<sup>2</sup>;

There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is removed by a staff of France;

Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen<sup>3</sup>, come

Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:

Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>2</sup> Shakspeare has used this image again in *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

‘——— Here lay Duncan,  
His *silver skin* laced with his *golden blood*.’

It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth *Iliad*:—

‘The curets from great Hector's breast all *gilded* with  
his *gore*.’

Again in the same translator's version of the nineteenth *Odyssey*:—

‘And show'd his point *gilt* with the gushing *gore*.’

<sup>3</sup> It was anciently one of the savage practices of the chase for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. Shakspeare alludes to the practice again in *Julius Cæsar*:—

‘——— Here thy *hunters* stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and *crimson'd* in thy *lethe*.’

<sup>4</sup> Estimated, judged, determined. Shakspeare should have written, ‘whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality* cannot be censured.’

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power con-  
fronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power;  
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the  
other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and  
Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to  
cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run<sup>5</sup> on?

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop  
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;

Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we  
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;

Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;

<sup>5</sup> The first folio reads *room*: the change was made in the second folio.

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing<sup>6</sup> the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,

You equal potents<sup>7</sup>, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your  
king?

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the  
king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:

King'd of our fears<sup>8</sup>; until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Pope changed this to *mouth*ing, and was followed by subsequent editors. '*Mousing*,' says Malone, 'is mammoocking and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse.' 'Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses.'—*The Wonderful Year*, by Decker, 1603.—Shakspeare often uses familiar terms in his most serious speeches; and Malone has adduced other instances in this play: but in this very speech 'his dead *chaps*' is surely not more elevated than *mousing*.

<sup>7</sup> Potentates.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads '*Kings* of our fear,' &c. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. '*King'd* of our fears,' i. e. our fears being our kings or rulers. It is manifest that the reading of the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their fears should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they kings or masters of their fears, because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed*.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles<sup>9</sup> of Angiers flout  
you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;  
Do like the mutines<sup>10</sup> of Jerusalem,  
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering canon, charged to the mouths;  
Till their soul-fearing<sup>11</sup> clamours have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion;  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
heads,

I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,

<sup>9</sup> *Escrouelles*, Fr. scabby fellows.

<sup>10</sup> The *mutines* are the mutineers, the seditious. Thus in *Hamlet*:—

‘————— and lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.’

This allusion is not in the old play. Shakspeare probably received the hint from Ben Gorion's *History of the Latter Times of the Jew's Commonweale*, &c. translated by Peter Morwyn, 1575.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *soul-appalling*; from the verb to *fear*, to make afraid.

And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls :  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline ! From north to south,  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth<sup>12</sup> :

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to't :—Come, away, away !

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings ! vouchsafe a while  
to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;  
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field ;  
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to  
hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady  
Blanch<sup>13</sup>,

<sup>12</sup> The poet has made Faulconbridge forget that he had made a similar mistake. See the preceding page :—

' By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon.'

<sup>13</sup> The Lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.



Is near to England; Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous<sup>14</sup> love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete, O say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he:  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can,  
To our fast-closed gates: for, at this match,  
With swifter spleen<sup>15</sup> than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance; but, without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion; no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

<sup>14</sup> *Zealous for pious.*

<sup>15</sup> *Spleen* is used by Shakspeare for any violent hurry or tumultuous speed. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the lightning.

*Bast.*Here's a stay<sup>16</sup>,

That shakes the rotten carcass of old death  
 Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and  
 seas ;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?  
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce :  
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;  
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,  
 But buffets better than a fist of France :  
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;  
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough :  
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their  
 souls

Are capable of this ambition :  
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

<sup>16</sup> A *stay* here seems to mean a *supporter of a cause*. 'Here's an extraordinary partisan or maintainer that shakes,' &c. Baret translates *columen vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by 'the *stay*, the ohiefe mainteyner and succour of,' &c. It has been proposed to read, 'Here's a *say*,' i. e. a speech ; and it must be confessed that it would agree well with the tenor of the subsequent part of Faulconbridge's speech.



*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read<sup>17</sup>, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea  
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
In titles, honours, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow;  
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flattering table<sup>18</sup> of her eye.  
[ *Whispers with* BLANCH.

<sup>17</sup> So in *Pericles*:—

'Her face the book of praises,' &c.

Again in *Macbeth*:—

'Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters.'

<sup>18</sup> The table is the plain surface on which any thing is depicted or written. *Tablette*, Fr. Our ancestors called their memorandum books a pair of writing tables. Vide Baret's *Alvearie*, 1575, Letter T. No. 2. Thus Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

'——— to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table.'

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
And quarter'd in her heart?—he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,  
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should  
be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine :  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or, if you will (to speak more properly),  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love.  
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be  
your judge),

That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say  
you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you  
love this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen<sup>19</sup>, Touraine,  
Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

<sup>19</sup> This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*, in Latin Pagus Velocassinus. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin* was in dispute between Philip and John. This and the subsequent line (except the words 'do I give') are taken from the old play.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well;—Young princes, close  
your hands<sup>20</sup>.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd<sup>21</sup>.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?—  
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much:—  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate<sup>22</sup> at your high-  
ness' tent.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league, that we  
have made,  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady? In her right we came;  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage<sup>23</sup>.

*K. John.* We will heal up all;  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

<sup>20</sup> See *Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2, p. 8.

<sup>21</sup> Affianced, contracted.

<sup>22</sup> *Passionate* here means *agitated*, *perturbed*, a prey to mourn-  
ful sensations, not moved or disposed to anger. Thus in the  
old play, entitled *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*,  
1600:—

'——— Tell me, good madam,

Why is your grace so *passionate* of late.'

<sup>23</sup> Advantage.

If not fill up the measure of her will,  
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
 That we shall stop her exclamation.  
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
 To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*—*The Citizens retire from the Walls.*

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
 Hath willingly departed<sup>24</sup> with a part:  
 And France (whose armour conscience buckled on;  
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
 As God's own soldier), rounded<sup>25</sup> in the ear  
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;  
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;  
 That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
 Who having no external thing to lose  
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;  
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commo-  
 dity<sup>26</sup>;—

Commodity, the bias of the world;

<sup>24</sup> To *part* and *depart* were formerly synonymous. So in Cooper's Dictionary, v. 'communico, to communicate or *departe* a thing I have with another.'

<sup>25</sup> To *round* or *rown* in the ear is to *whisper*; from the Saxon *runian*, *susurrare*. The word and its etymology is fully illustrated by Casaubon in his *Treatise de Ling. Saxonica*, and in a Letter by Sir H. Spelman, published in Wormius, *Literatura Runica*. Hafniæ, 1651, p. 4.

<sup>26</sup> *Commodity* is *interest, advantage*. So Baret:—'What fruit or *commoditie* had he by this his friendship?' *Alvearie*, letter C. 867. The construction of this passage, though harsh to modern ears, is—'Commodity, he that wins of all,—*he that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely the word maid, i. e. her chastity.'

Henderson has adduced a passage from Cupid's Whirligig, 1607, which happily illustrates the word *bias* in this passage:—

'O, the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs  
 All on the rich men's sides.'

The world, who of itself is peised well,  
Made to run even, upon even ground;  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
And why rail I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
Not that I have the power to clutch<sup>27</sup> my hand,  
When his fair angels<sup>28</sup> would salute my palm:  
But for<sup>29</sup> my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!

[*Exit*<sup>30</sup>.

<sup>27</sup> Clasp.

<sup>28</sup> Coin.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. but *cause*.

<sup>30</sup> In the old copy the second Act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance, in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division, which was made by Theobald, is certainly right.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.*

*Const.* Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !  
Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?

It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :  
It cannot be ; thou dost but say, 'tis so :  
I trust, I may not trust thee ; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man ;  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable<sup>1</sup> of fears.  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;  
A woman, naturally born to fears ;  
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering<sup>2</sup> o'er his bounds ?

<sup>1</sup> *Capable is susceptible.* So in Hamlet :—

' His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them *capable*.'

<sup>2</sup> This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :—

' Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins  
*Like a proud river overflow their bounds.*'

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?  
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—  
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert  
grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless<sup>3</sup> stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart<sup>4</sup>, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!

<sup>3</sup> Unsightly.

<sup>4</sup> *Swart* is dark, dusky. See Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 146. *Prodigious* is portentous, so deformed as to be taken for a foretoken of evil. Thus in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1607:—

'Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet?'



She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to fortune, and King John;  
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with  
 thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout<sup>5</sup>.  
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads 'makes its owner stoop.' The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. We have in Daniel's Civil Wars, b. vi.:—

'Full with stout grief and with disdainful woe.'

Malone has in an elaborate argument attempted a defence of the old reading; but, I think, without success.

In *Much Ado about Nothing* the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a thread may lead him. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions.—Johnson.

*Enter* KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS,  
BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and  
Attendants.

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,  
Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;  
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holyday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holyday!—

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;  
That it in golden letters should be set,  
Among the high tides<sup>6</sup>, in the calendar?  
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week<sup>7</sup>;  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd<sup>8</sup>;  
But<sup>9</sup> on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;

<sup>6</sup> Solemn seasons, times to be observed above others.

<sup>7</sup> In allusion to Job iii. 3—'Let the day perish,' &c.; and v. 6, 'Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.'

<sup>8</sup> i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So in a *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

'Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity.'

<sup>9</sup> But for *unless*; its exceptive sense of *be out*. In the ancient almanacks the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains are distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in *Webster's Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:—

'By the almanack, I think  
To choose good days and shun the critical.'

So in *Macbeth*:—

'——— Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar.'

No bargains break, that are not this day made :  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day :  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit<sup>10</sup>,  
 Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and tried,  
 Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,  
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !  
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !  
 Hear me, O, hear me !

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace.

*Const.* War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.  
 O Lymoges ? O Austria<sup>11</sup> ! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
 coward ;  
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !

<sup>10</sup> i. e. a false coin ; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait*. The word seems to be here used equivocally.

<sup>11</sup> Shakspeare, in the person of Austria, has conjoined the two well known enemies of Richard Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison in a former expedition (in 1193) ; but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell (in 1199) belonged to Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges. The archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. Austria in the old play is called Lymoges, the Austrich duke. Holinshed says, 'The same year Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honour of Coniacke, killed the viscount of Lymoges in revenge of his father's death,' &c.

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,  
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
 A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs<sup>12</sup>.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words  
 to me!

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant  
 limbs<sup>13</sup>.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

<sup>12</sup> Sir John Hawkins thought that there was here a sarcastic intention of calling Austria a fool; he says that a calf-skin coat was anciently the dress of a fool. It is more probable, as Ritson observes, that she means to call him a coward; she tells him that a calf's-skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion's. A *calf-hearted fellow* is still used for a dastardly person.

<sup>13</sup> Pope inserted the following lines from the old play here, which he thought necessary 'to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:'—

'*Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall  
 Should be a precedent to fright you all.

*Faulc.* What words are these? How do my sinews shake!  
 My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!  
 How doth Alec to whisper in my ears,  
*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;  
 Disrobe him of the matchless monument,  
 Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!*—  
 Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,  
 Twice will I not review the morning's rise,  
 Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,  
 And split thy heart for wearing it so long.'

*Enter* PANDULPH.

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven:—  
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories<sup>14</sup>,  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,  
To him and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

<sup>14</sup> What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads *earthly*. The emendation was Pope's. It has also *tash* instead of *task* in the next line, which was substituted by Theobald. Johnson observes that this must have been a very captivating scene at the time of our struggles with popery.



Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:  
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretick;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!  
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no  
right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law:  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go  
thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,  
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
Because——

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them<sup>15</sup>.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
Forgo the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee  
here,  
In likeness of a new untrimmed<sup>16</sup> bride.

<sup>15</sup> This may be a proverbial sarcasm; but the allusion is now lost. We have something similar in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605:—

'Mum. We'll have a pair of slops for the nonce  
Will hold all your mocks.'

<sup>16</sup> *Trim* is dress. *Comptus virgineus* is explained by the dictionaries, 'The attyre of maydens, or maidenly trimming.' An *untrimmed* bride may therefore mean a bride *undressed* or *encumbered* of the forbidding forms of dress. It is however probable that this term may have been used for a *virgin bride*, as the following passage in *The Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher will show. Theodore, in describing the ravages of the Tartars, says to Boroskie:—

'They would not only have abused your buildings,  
Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk your butteries,  
Purloin'd your lordship's plate, the duke bestowed on you,  
For turning handsomely o'th' toe, and trimm'd your virgins,  
Trim'm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your worship,  
'Tis ten to one, your wife too.'

The same use of the word is made in *The False One*, Act ii. Sc. 3. In *Titus Andronicus*, Act i. Sc. 1; and in the fourth act of *Chapman's May Day*; to a note on which, in the fourth volume of the *Ancient Drama*, I owe the suggestion.



*Blanch.* The Lady Constance speaks not from  
her faith,  
But from her need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith would live again by death of need;  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to  
this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet  
lout.

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*Pand.* What canst thou say, but will perplex  
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person  
yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,  
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,  
ven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd  
slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint  
fearful difference of incensed kings:—  
shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both<sup>17</sup>,  
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret<sup>18</sup>?  
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm:  
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host.  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity? O holy sir,  
 My reverend father, let it not be so:  
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd  
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
 Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!  
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 A cased<sup>19</sup> lion by the mortal paw,  
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,  
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;  
 That is to be the champion of our church!  
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,  
 And may not be performed by thyself:

<sup>17</sup> i. e. so strong both in *hatred* and *love*; in deeds of *amity* or deeds of *blood*.

<sup>18</sup> A *regret* is an exchange of salutation.

<sup>19</sup> A *cased lion* is a lion irritated by confinement. So in King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 3:—

'So looks the *pent up* lion o'er the wretch  
 That trembles under his devouring paws.'

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
 Is not amiss when it is truly done<sup>20</sup>;  
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it:  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is, to mistake again: though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,  
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion;  
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn<sup>21</sup>;  
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:  
 And better conquest never canst thou make,  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against those giddy loose suggestions:  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,  
 The peril of our curses light on thee;  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!

<sup>20</sup> 'Where doing tends to ill,' where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act. The criminal act therefore, which thou hast sworn to do, is *not amiss*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly*, in the sense I have now affixed to *truth*; that is, if you do *not* do it.

<sup>21</sup> *By what thou swear'st*, &c. 'In swearing by religion against *u*, thou hast sworn *by what thou swearest*; i. e. in that thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swearest by*; i. e. *u*.'

*Bast.* Will't not be?  
Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Lew.* Father, to arms!

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day?  
Against the blood that thou hast married?  
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—  
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?  
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new  
Is husband in my mouth? even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love; What motive  
may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee up-  
holds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

*Lew.* I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall  
from thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
this hour.

*Bast.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
time,  
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'er cast with blood: Fair day,  
adieu!



Which is the side that I must go withal?  
 I am with both: each army hath a hand;  
 And, in their rage, I having hold of both,  
 They whirl asunder, and dismember me.  
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;  
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;  
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
 Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together,— [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
 A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
 The blood, and dearest valu'd blood, of France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S Head.*

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil<sup>1</sup> hovers in the sky,

<sup>1</sup> There is a minute description of numerous devils or spirits, and their different functions, in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* his Supplication, 1592, where we find the following passage:—'The spirits of the aire will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there:  
While Philip breathes.

*Enter* KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip<sup>2</sup>, make up:  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.

*Bast.* My lord, I rescu'd her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
But on, my liege: for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter* KING JOHN,  
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and  
LORDS.

*K. John.* So shall it be; your grace shall stay  
behind, [*To* ELINOR.  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:  
[*To* ARTHUR.

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin [*To the Bastard*], away for  
England; haste before:

sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The  
spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the  
moone.'

<sup>2</sup> Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of *Sir Richard*, calls him by his former name. Shakspeare has followed the old plays, and the best authenticated history. The queen mother, whom King John had made regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army, with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief, which he immediately did. As he advanced to the town he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots : angels<sup>1</sup> imprisoned  
Set thou at liberty : the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle<sup>2</sup> shall not drive me  
back ;

When gold and silver becks me to come on.  
I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray  
(If ever I remember to be holy)  
For your fair safety : so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, my gentle cousin.

*K. John.*

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit* Bastard.]

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*]

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle  
Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love :  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
so yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,

<sup>1</sup> Gold coin of that name.

<sup>2</sup> It appears from Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws, that sentence of excommunication was to be ' explained in order in English, with bells tolling and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread ; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity than to the effect of such sentences.' See Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. xii. p. 397, ed. 1780.



Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.  
 I had a thing to say,—But let it go:  
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds<sup>3</sup>,  
 To give me audience:—If the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound one unto<sup>4</sup> the drowsy race of night;  
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick  
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 A passion hateful to my purposes);  
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit<sup>5</sup> alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of brooded<sup>6</sup> watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

<sup>3</sup> Showy ornaments.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads *into*, the emendation is Theobald's.

<sup>5</sup> Conception.

<sup>6</sup> Pope proposed to read *broad-eyed*, instead of *brooded*. The alteration, it must be confessed, is elegant, but unnecessary. The allusion is to the vigilance of animals while brooding, or with a brood of young ones under their protection. The king says of Hamlet:—

‘ ——— there's something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.’

Milton also, in *L'Allegro*, desires Melancholy to —

‘ ——— Find out some uncouth cell

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings.’

*Brooded* may be used for *brooding*, as *delighted* for *delighting*, and *discontented* for *discontenting*, in other places of these plays. To sit on brood, or abroad, is the old term applied to birds during the period of incubation. All the metaphorical uses of the verb to brood are common to the Latin *incubo*.

But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I'd do't.

*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I will keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;  
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin:  
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho<sup>7</sup>!

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>7</sup> King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. 'This is one of those scenes (says Steevens) to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can substract nothing from its beauties.'

SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter* KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armada<sup>1</sup> of convicted<sup>2</sup> sail  
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified :  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause<sup>3</sup>,  
Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this  
praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath<sup>4</sup>:—  
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

<sup>1</sup> *Armado* is a fleet of war; the word is adopted from the Spanish, and the recent defeat of the *Spanish armada* had made it familiar.

<sup>2</sup> *Convicted* is vanquished, overcome. To *convince* and *convict* were synonymous. See *Macbeth*, Act i, Sc. 7, and Act iii, Sc. 4.

<sup>3</sup> A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. *Fierce* wretchedness in *Timon of Athens* is *hasty, sudden* misery.

<sup>4</sup> '—— the vile prison of afflicted breath' is *the body*; the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.

*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

*Const.* No, I defy<sup>5</sup> all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath<sup>6</sup> with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself;  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,  
O, come to me!

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern<sup>7</sup> invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;  
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance: I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were!  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

<sup>5</sup> To *defy* formerly signified to *refuse*, to *reject*.

<sup>6</sup> 'I do *defy* thy commiseration.'—*Romeo and Juliet*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. this mouth.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. common.

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal:  
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;  
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:  
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note  
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief;  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will<sup>8</sup>.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?  
 I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,  
*O that these hands could so redeem my son*  
*As they have given these hairs their liberty!*  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspire<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> Probably Constance in despair means to apostrophize the absent King John:—'Take my son to England if you will.'

<sup>9</sup> To *suspire* Shakspeare uses for to *breathe*. Thus in King Henry IV. Part II:—

'Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down  
 Perforce must move.'

In Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616, we have *suspiration*, a *breathing* or *sighing*.



There was not such a gracious<sup>10</sup> creature born,  
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;  
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son<sup>11</sup>.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child<sup>12</sup>,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.—  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
 O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*]

<sup>10</sup> *Gracious* is used by Shakspeare often in the sense of *beautiful, comely, graceful*. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, shows that this was no uncommon signification; he explains *gratioso*, graceful, *gracious*, also *comely, fine, well-favoured, gentle*.

<sup>11</sup> To the same purpose Macduff observes:—

‘He has no children.’

The thought occurs again in King Henry VI. Part III.

<sup>12</sup> ‘Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.’

*Lucan*, l. ix.

Maynard, a French poet, has the same thought:—

‘Qui me console excite ma colere,

Et le repos est un bien que je crains:

Mon deuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire

Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.’

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy;  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale<sup>13</sup>,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's<sup>14</sup>  
taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil:  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.  
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won:  
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

*Lew.* As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

<sup>13</sup> 'For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.' Psalm xc. Thus also in Macbeth:—

'Life's but a walking shadow,—

—— it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.'

<sup>14</sup> The old copy reads *word's*. The alteration was made by Pope. Malone thinks that it is unnecessary; and that by the *sweet word, life* is meant. Steevens prefers Pope's emendation, which is countenanced by Hamlet's

'How weary, *stale, flat*, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!'



Out of the path which shall directly lead  
 Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.  
 John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,  
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:  
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:  
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:  
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;  
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,  
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green are you, and fresh in this old  
 world!

John lays you plots<sup>15</sup>; the times conspire with you:  
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,  
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;  
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,  
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it:  
 No natural exhalation in the sky,  
 No scape<sup>16</sup> of nature, no distemper'd day,  
 No common wind, no custom'd event,

<sup>15</sup> 'John lays you plots.' A similar phrase occurs in the First Part of King Henry VI. :—

'He writes me here.'

Again, in the second part of the same play :—

'He would have carried you a forehand shaft,' &c.

<sup>16</sup> The old copy reads *scope*. The emendation is Pope's. Shakspeare finely calls a monstrous birth an *escape of nature*, as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing.

But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's  
life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks, I see this hurly<sup>17</sup> all on foot;  
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity: If but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call<sup>18</sup>  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
Or, as a little snow<sup>19</sup>, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,  
What may be wrought out of their discontent:  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,  
For England go; I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong<sup>20</sup> actions: Let  
us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>17</sup> *Hurly* is *tumult*.

<sup>18</sup> The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or call.

<sup>19</sup> Bacon, in his History of Henry VII. speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.

<sup>20</sup> The first folio reads *strange*; the second folio *strong*.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton<sup>1</sup>. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.**Hub.* Heat me these irons hot: and, look thou stand

Within the arras<sup>2</sup>: when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:  
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*1 Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.**Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
 To be more prince), as may be.—You are sad.*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:  
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

<sup>1</sup> There is no circumstance, either in the original play or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which Arthur is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned merely because, in the first act, King John seems to have been in that town. It has already been stated that Arthur was in fact confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to death.

<sup>2</sup> Tapestry.

Only for wantonness<sup>3</sup>. By my christendom<sup>4</sup>,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]  
Turning spiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

<sup>3</sup> This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of his time by Shakspeare: which Lyly also ridicules in his *Midas*:—  
'Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fables*, says he is *melancholy*.' Again: '*Melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion says he is *melancholy*.'

<sup>4</sup> i. e. by my *baptism*. The use of this word for christening or baptism is not peculiar to Shakspeare; it was common in his time. Hearne has published a *Prone* from a MS. of Henry the Seventh's time, in the glossary to Robert of Gloucester in a note on the word *midewinter*, by which it appears that it was the ancient orthography. '*The childer ryzt schape & chrystyndome*.' It is also used by Lyly, Fanshaw, Harington, and Fairfaxe.



*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
but ake,

I knit my hankerchief about your brows  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),  
And I did never ask it you again:  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?  
Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning; Do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
The iron of itself, though heat<sup>5</sup> red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

<sup>5</sup> The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in Shakespeare's time. 'He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*.'—*Daniel*, iii. 19.

An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

*Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me; my eyes  
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-rough?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*1 Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a  
deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in  
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue<sup>6</sup>,  
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with  
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes<sup>7</sup>: See else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre<sup>8</sup> him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

<sup>6</sup> 'This is according to nature,' says Johnson. 'We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.'

<sup>7</sup> 'The fire being *created*, not to hurt, but to *comfort*, is *dead with grief* for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.'

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *stimulate*, *set him on*. The word occurs again in Hamlet:—'And the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them on to controversy.' And in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

'Pride alone must *tarre* the mastiff's on.'

It has been derived from *tapárrw*, excito; but H. Tooke says that it is from *Тѣрѣ*, A. S. *exacerbare*, *irritare*.



*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes<sup>9</sup>:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu:  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely<sup>10</sup> in with me;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness  
pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous<sup>1</sup>: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;

<sup>9</sup> Owns.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. secretly, privately. So in *Albumazar*, 1610, Act iii.  
Sc. 1:—

'I'll entertain him here; meanwhile steal you  
Closely into the room.'

<sup>1</sup> i. e. this one time more was one time more than enough. It  
should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the  
fourth time.

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
 With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
 To guard<sup>2</sup> a title that was rich before,  
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
 This act is as an ancient tale new told<sup>3</sup>;  
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this, the antique and well noted face  
 Of plain old form is much disfigured:  
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about:  
 Startles and frights consideration;  
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
 They do confound their skill in covetousness<sup>4</sup>:  
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;  
 As patches, set upon a little breach,

<sup>2</sup> To *guard* is to *ornament*. So in the Merchant of Venice,  
 Act ii. Sc. 2:—

‘— give him a livery  
 More *guarded* than his fellows.’

<sup>3</sup> Shakspeare has here repeated an idea which he had first  
 put into the mouth of the Dauphin:—

‘ Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.’

<sup>4</sup> i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager desire of excelling.  
 As in King Henry V.:—

‘ But if it be a sin to *covet honour*,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.’

Discredit more in hiding of the fault<sup>5</sup>,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness  
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;  
Since all and every part of what we would<sup>6</sup>,  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;  
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear),  
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask  
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;  
And well shall you perceive, how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I (as one that am the tongue of these,  
To sound<sup>7</sup> the purposes of all their hearts),  
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies), heartily request  
The enfranchisement<sup>8</sup> of Arthur; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument,—  
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong), should move you to mew up<sup>9</sup>  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise<sup>10</sup>?

<sup>5</sup> *Fault* means *blemish*.

<sup>6</sup> Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c.

<sup>7</sup> To *declare*, to publish the purposes of all, &c.

<sup>8</sup> Releasement.

<sup>9</sup> The construction of this passage is 'If you have a good title to what you now have in *rest* (i. e. *quiet*), why then is it that your fears should move you,' &c.

<sup>10</sup> In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. Mental improvement might have been had in a prison as well as any where else.

That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
Which for our goods we do no further ask,  
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you.

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;  
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go,  
Between his purpose and his conscience<sup>11</sup>,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pem.* And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence  
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong  
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick:  
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

<sup>11</sup> The *purpose* of the king, to which Salisbury alludes, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might be still a conflict in the king's mind—

‘Between his *purpose* and his *conscience*.’

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows  
on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,  
That greatness should so grossly offer it:  
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood, which ow'd<sup>12</sup> the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!  
This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent;  
There is no sure foundation set on blood;  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

*Mess.* From France to England<sup>13</sup>.—Never such  
a power  
For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land!  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. 'own'd the breadth of all this isle.' The two last variorum editions erroneously read 'breath for breadth,' which is found in the old copy.

<sup>13</sup> The king asks *how all goes in France*; the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England.



*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
Where hath it slept<sup>14</sup>? Where is my mother's care?  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother; And, as I hear, my lord,  
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?  
How wildly then walks my estate in France<sup>15</sup>!—  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

*Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd<sup>16</sup>  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

<sup>14</sup> So in *Macbeth*:—

‘ ———— Was the hope drunk

Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?’

<sup>15</sup> i. e. how ill my affairs go in France.

<sup>16</sup> Astonied, stunned, confounded, are the ancient synonymes  
of amazed, obstupesco. So in *Cymbeline*:—

‘ I am amazed with matter.’

And in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

‘ You do amaze her, hear the truth of it.’

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travelled hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
And here's a prophet <sup>17</sup>, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:  
Deliver him to safety <sup>18</sup>, and return,  
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are  
full of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

<sup>17</sup> This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet, *Holinshed*, in anno 1213.—Speed says that Peter the hermit was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. to safe custody.



*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies :  
I have a way to win their loves again ;  
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste ; the better foot  
before.——

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Spoke like a spriteful noble gentle-  
man.—

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;  
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* My mother dead !

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say, five moons were seen  
to-night :  
Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons ?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :  
And when they see him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper in the ear ;  
And he, that grips his wrist ;  
Whilst he, that

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes<sup>19</sup>.  
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,  
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
 Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste  
 Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet<sup>20</sup>),  
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
 That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:  
 Another lean unwash'd artificer  
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
 these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
 Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause  
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not pro-  
 voke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
 To break within the bloody house of life:  
 And, on the winking of authority,  
 To understand a law; to know the meaning  
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
 More upon humour than advis'd respect<sup>21</sup>.

<sup>19</sup> This may be compared with a spirited passage in Edward III. Capel's Prolusions, p. 75:—

‘ Our men, with open mouths and staring eyes,  
 Look on each other, as they did attend  
 Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks;  
 A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour,  
 And speeches sleep through all the waking region.’

<sup>20</sup> This passage, which called forth the antiquarian knowledge of so many learned commentators, is now, from the return of the fashion of *right and left shoes*, become intelligible without a note.

<sup>21</sup> Deliberate consideration. So in Hamlet:—

‘ ——— There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life.’

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Make deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted<sup>22</sup>, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind:

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made  
a pause<sup>23</sup>,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

<sup>22</sup> To *quote* is to note or mark. See *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. I:—

'I am sorry that with better heed and judgment  
I had not *quoted* him.

<sup>23</sup> There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that to have bid him tell his tale in express words would have struck him dumb: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.—*Johnson*.

And <sup>24</sup> bid me tell my tale in express words ;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers ;  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,  
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the  
peers,  
Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience !  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,

<sup>24</sup> The old copy reads '*As* bid me,' &c. Malone made the correction, in which I concur ; though *as* frequently is used for *that*, *which*. See Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2, note 15.

And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords, with all expedient<sup>25</sup> haste:  
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast<sup>26</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap  
 down<sup>1</sup>:—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones——  
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!  
 [*Dies.*]

<sup>25</sup> Expeditious.

<sup>26</sup> The old play of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* is divided into two parts; the first of which concludes with the king's despatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with *Enter Arthur*, &c. as in the following scene.

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare has followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit*; and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned.

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
Whose private with me<sup>2</sup>, of the Dauphin's love,  
Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er<sup>3</sup> we meet.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd<sup>4</sup>  
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;  
We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:  
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think,  
were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason<sup>5</sup> now.

<sup>2</sup> Private account.

<sup>3</sup> The use of *or* for *ere*, *before*, is at least as old as Chaucer's time. It is the Saxon *æp*, *prius*, *antequam*, *priusquam*,—*ere*, or, sooner than; *before*. *Ever* is the Saxon *æfpe*—*aliquando*, *unquam*,—*ever*, *e'er*, at any time. *Ere ever*, or *ever*, or *ere*, is, in modern English, *sooner than at any time; before ever*: and this is the sense in which Shakspeare and our elder writers constantly use the phrase.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. ruffled, out of humour. So in Hamlet:—

' ——— in his retirement marvellous *distemper'd*.

<sup>5</sup> To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue* as to *talk*. So in Coriolanus:—

' ——— *reason* with the fellow  
Before you punish him.'



*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

*Bast.* 'Tis true: to hurt his master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely  
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you  
beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse<sup>6</sup>.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:  
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet unbegotten sins of time<sup>7</sup>,  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—

<sup>6</sup> Pity.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy reads *sin of times*. The emendation is Pope's.



We had a kind of light, what would ensue :  
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;  
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—  
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
 Kneeling before ~~this~~ ruin of sweet life,  
 And breathing to ~~his~~ breathless excellence  
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
 'Till I have set a glory to this head<sup>8</sup>,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem. Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :  
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—  
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.*

Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads, 'Till I have set a glory to this *hand*.' This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. Pope thought that we should read 'a glory to this *head*,' pointing to the head of the dead prince, and using *worship* in its common acceptation. A *glory* is a circle of rays, such as is represented surrounding the heads of saints and other holy persons. The solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. Gray, the poet (says Dr. Farmer), was much pleased with this correction. The old reading has been explained, 'till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed.' In the next act we have:—

'——— I will not return

Till my *attempt* so much be *glorified*

As to my ample hope was promised.'

And in Troilus and Cressida :—

'——— Jove, let *Aeneas* live,

If to *my sword* his fate be not the *glory*,

A thousand complete courses of the sun.'

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again<sup>9</sup>.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true<sup>10</sup> defence;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so<sup>11</sup>;  
Yet I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
Second a villain, and a murderer?

<sup>9</sup> So in Othello:—'Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them.' Both Faulconbridge and Othello speak contemptuously. 'You have shown that your sword is bright, and now you may put it up again; you shall not use it.'

<sup>10</sup> *Honest* defence, defence in a *good* cause.

<sup>11</sup> Dr. Johnson has, I think, mistaken the sense of this passage, which he explains—'Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer.' By 'Do not prove me so' Hubert means 'do not *provoke* me, or *try* my *patience* so.' This was a common acceptance of the word. 'To assay, to *prove*, to *try*, to tempt one to do evil.' *Baret*, in v. *prove*.

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse<sup>12</sup> and innocency.

Away, with me, all you, whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

*Bast.* Here's a good world!—Knew you of this  
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;  
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer<sup>13</sup>:  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb

<sup>12</sup> Pity.

<sup>13</sup> So in the old play:—

'Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell  
Hangs on performance of this damned deed;  
This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,  
Ensureth Satan chieftain of thy soul.'

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown  
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
I am amaz'd<sup>14</sup>, methinks; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven: and England now is left  
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
The unowed<sup>15</sup> interest of proud-swelling state.  
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits  
(As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast),  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture<sup>16</sup> can  
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *unowned*. See before, p. 402.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.

<sup>16</sup> Girdle.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, with the Crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory.

*Pand.*

Take again

[*Giving JOHN the Crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet  
the French;

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties<sup>1</sup> do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour

Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite<sup>2</sup>,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,

And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

<sup>1</sup> *Counties* here most probably mean not the divisions of the kingdom, but the *lords* and *nobility* in general. As in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Much Ado about Nothing*.

<sup>2</sup> *Convert.*

Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the  
prophet  
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds  
out,  
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the  
streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life<sup>3</sup>  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

<sup>3</sup> Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of Antony,  
in *All for Love*:—

'An empty circle, since the jewel's gone.'

So in *King Richard II*:—

'A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.'



Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution<sup>4</sup>.

Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field<sup>5</sup>:  
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said!—Forage<sup>6</sup>, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> So in *Macbeth*:—

‘Let’s briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i’ the hall together.’

<sup>5</sup> Thus in *Hamlet*:—

‘——— such a sight as this  
Becomes the field.’

<sup>6</sup> *Forage* here seems to mean to range abroad; which Dr. Johnson says is its original sense: but *fouirage*, the French source of it, is formed from the low Latin *foderagium*, food: the sense of ranging therefore appears to be secondary.

<sup>7</sup> We have the same image in *Macbeth*:—

‘Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold.’

From these two passages Gray formed the first lines of his ‘*Race*.’



And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe<sup>8</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,  
 PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
 Return the precedent<sup>1</sup> to these lords again;  
 That having our fair order written down,  
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
 A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
 I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
 By making many: O, it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker; O, and there,  
 Where honourable rescue and defence,

<sup>8</sup> i. e. I know that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder, and more confident of its strength than theirs.

<sup>1</sup> *the rough draught* of the original treaty. In King the scrivener employed to engross the indictment stings says, 'It took him eleven hours to write it, precedent was full as long a doing.'

Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :  
 But such is the infection of the time,  
 That, for the health and physick of our right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—  
 And is't not pity, O my grieved friends !  
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;  
 Wherein we step after a stranger<sup>2</sup> march  
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
 Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep  
 Upon the spot<sup>3</sup> of this enforced cause),  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?  
 What, here ?—O nation, that thou could'st remove !  
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth<sup>4</sup> thee about,  
 Would bear thee from the knowledgè of thyself,  
 And grapple<sup>5</sup> thee unto a Pagan shore ;  
 Where these two Christian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to-spend it<sup>6</sup> so unneighbourly !

<sup>2</sup> Shakspeare often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene :—

'Swearing allegiance and the love of soul  
 To *stranger* blood, to foreign royalty.'

So in a *Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

'To seek new friends and *stranger* companies.'

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the *stain*.

<sup>4</sup> To *clip* is to *embrace* ; not yet obsolete in the northern counties.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads *cripple*. The emendation was made by Pope. The poet alludes to the wars carried on by the Christian princes in the Holy Land against the Saracens, where the united armies of France and England might have laid their animosities aside and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen.

<sup>6</sup> Shakspeare here employs a phraseology used before in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* : vol. i. p. 269, note 7 :—

'And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight.'

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,  
 Between compulsion and a brave respect<sup>7</sup>!  
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul<sup>8</sup>,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;  
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake<sup>9</sup>:  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

<sup>7</sup> This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who in his preceding speech calls it an *enforced cause*) could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.

<sup>8</sup> 'This windy tempest till it blow up rain  
 Held back his sorrow's tide.'—*Rape of Lucrece*.

<sup>9</sup> In what I have now said an angel spake: for see, the holy legate approaches to give a warrant from heaven, and the name of right to our cause.

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;  
And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;  
I am too high-born to be propertied<sup>10</sup>,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,  
Between this chāstis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to<sup>11</sup> this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,

<sup>10</sup> Appropriated.

<sup>11</sup> This was the phraseology of the time:—

'He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession.

*King Henry IV. Part II.*

Again in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, vol ii. p. 927:—'He had a release from Rose, the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden, before specified, of all her *interest to the manor of Pedimore.*'

After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,  
 What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action? is't not I,  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns<sup>12</sup>?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promised  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war<sup>13</sup>,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook<sup>14</sup> conquest, and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

<sup>12</sup> i.e. passed along the banks of the river. Thus in the old play:—

‘—— from the hollow holes of Thamesis  
 Echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*  
 From thence along the wanton rolling glade  
 To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern usage.

<sup>13</sup> i.e. assembled it, drew it out of the field. So in King Henry IV. Part I. :—

‘And that his friends by deputation could not  
 So soon be drawn.’

<sup>14</sup> Face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity. So before:—

‘—— outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror.’



*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak;—  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd<sup>15</sup> sauciness, and boyish troops,  
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,  
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch<sup>16</sup>;  
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;  
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow<sup>17</sup>,  
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—  
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,

<sup>15</sup> The old copies read *unheard*: the emendation is Theobald's. It should be remarked that *hair* was often spelt *hear*.

<sup>16</sup> To *take*, for to *leap*. Hunters still say to *take* a hedge or gate, meaning to *leap* over them. Baret has '*to take* horse, to leap on horseback.'

<sup>17</sup> i. e. the crowing of a cock; *Gallus* being both a cock and a Frenchman.

That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
And like an eagle o'er his aiery<sup>18</sup> towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their neelds<sup>19</sup> to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave<sup>20</sup>, and turn thy face in  
peace:

We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabblor.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither:—  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest; and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry  
out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need),  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day

<sup>18</sup> Nest.

<sup>19</sup> Needles.

<sup>20</sup> Boast.



To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums.* Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long, Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;

And send him word by me, which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply<sup>1</sup>, That was expected by the Dauphin here, Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands. This news was brought to Richard<sup>2</sup> but even now: The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up, And will not let me welcome this good news.— Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight; Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> *Supply* is here used as a noun of multitude, as it is again in Scene v. p. 428.

<sup>2</sup> The king had not long since called him by his original name of *Philip*, but the messenger could not take the same liberty.

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French;  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, King John, sore sick, hath left  
the field.

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the Count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold<sup>1</sup>;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet:  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He<sup>2</sup> means to recompense the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life;  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial expression intimating treachery. See King Henry VI. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 4.

<sup>2</sup> The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis means, &c.

Resolveth<sup>3</sup> from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
 What in the world should make me now deceive,  
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
 Why should I then be false; since it is true  
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?  
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
 Behold another day break in the east:  
 But even this night,—whose black contagious breath  
 Already smokes about the burning crest  
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;  
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;  
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,  
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
 In peace, and part this body and my soul  
 With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul  
 But I do love the favour and the form  
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;  
 And, like a bated and retired flood,  
 Leaving our rankness<sup>4</sup> and irregular course,

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *dissolveth*. So in *Hamlet*:—

'Thaw and resolve itself into a dew.'

Again in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1575, T. 120, 'to thaw or resolve that which is frozen.'

<sup>4</sup> *Rankness*, as applied to a river, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*; as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party it signifies *wanton wildness*. *Petulantia*.

'Rain added to a river that is rank

Perforce will force it overflow the bank.'

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
 And calmly run on in obedience,  
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Right<sup>5</sup> in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight:  
 And happy newness<sup>6</sup>, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp.*

—*Enter LEWIS and his Train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loath  
 to set;  
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
 When the English measur'd backward their own  
 ground,  
 In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
 And wound our tott'ring<sup>1</sup> colours clearly up,  
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lew.* Here:—What news?

*Mess.* The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,  
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off:  
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

<sup>5</sup> Immediate.

<sup>6</sup> Innovation.

<sup>1</sup> *Tott'ring* colours is the reading of the old copy, which was unnecessarily altered to *tatter'd* by Johnson, who is followed by the subsequent editors. To *totter*, in old language, was to *waver*, to *shake* with a tremulous motion, as colours would do in the

It is obvious that *tatter'd* cannot be the right word, for could their *tatter'd* colours be *clearly wound up*? 'to *tottre* Baret), nutare, vacillare, see shake and wagge.' The *ours* were *waving* in the wind during the battle, and were *wound up* at the close of it.

*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,  
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,  
King John did fly, an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter<sup>2</sup>, and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE VI.

*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

*Bast.* A friend:—What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? Why may not I demand Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Bast.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect<sup>1</sup> thought:  
I will, upon all hazards, well believe,  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:  
Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt: an if thou please,  
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. a well informed one. So in *Cymbeline*.—

' — I am perfect  
That the Pannonians, &c.'



*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night<sup>2</sup>,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then; and what's the news?

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news;  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk<sup>3</sup>:  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure<sup>4</sup> known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads '*endless night*.' The emendation was made by Theobald. The epithet is found in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:—

'*O eyeless night, the portraiture of death.*'

In Shakspeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, we have—

'*Poor grooms are sightless night; kings glorious day.*'

<sup>3</sup> Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it in his *Chronicle* as a *report*. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. less speedily, after some delay.

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,  
And brought prince Henry in their company;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY<sup>1</sup>, SALISBURY, and  
BIGOT.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house),  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak: and holds  
belief,  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,

<sup>1</sup> Prince Henry was only nine years old when his father died.



In their continuance<sup>2</sup>, will not feel themselves.  
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
 Leaves them insensible<sup>3</sup>; and his siege is now  
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
 With many legions of strange fantasies;  
 Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
 Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should  
 sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;  
 And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
 To set a form upon that indigest  
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude<sup>4</sup>.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING  
 JOHN in a Chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now, my soul hath elbow-  
 room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
 Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
 Do I shrink up.

<sup>2</sup> *Continuance* here means *continuity*. Bacon uses it in that sense also. So Baret, 'If the disease be of any *continuance*, if it be an old and settled disease.' I should not have thought this passage needed elucidation, had not Malone proposed to read 'in *thy* continuance.'

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads *invisible*. Sir T. Hanmer proposed the reading admitted into the text. Malone has endeavoured to elaborate a meaning out of the old reading, but without success. I must refer the reader to the variorum editions for his argument, and Steevens's vein of pleasant irony upon it.

<sup>4</sup> A description of Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid:—

Quem dixere Chaos rudis indigestæque moles.—*Met.* i.

Which Chaos hight a huge *rude* heap:—

No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the *shapeless* world did  
 view.

*Golding's Translation.*

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook,  
cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw<sup>5</sup>;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,  
I beg cold comfort: and you are so-strait<sup>6</sup>,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.—  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

<sup>5</sup> This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *A Wife for a Month*, Act iv. Decker, in the *Gull's Hornbook*, has the same thought:—'the morning waxing cold thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome.' Perhaps Shakspeare was acquainted with the following passages in two of Marlowe's plays, which must both have been written previous to *King John*, for Marlowe died in 1593:—

'O I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep  
Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,  
And made a frost within me.'—*Lust's Dominion*.  
'O poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,  
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,  
To cool and comfort me with longer date.'

*Tamburlaine*, 1591.

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus:—

'Philip, some drink. O for the frozen Alps  
To tumble on, and cool this inward heat  
That rageth as a furnace seven-fold.'

<sup>6</sup> Narrow, avaricious.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered:  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
And module<sup>7</sup> of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward:  
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood<sup>8</sup>. [*The King dies.*]

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an  
ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers? Show now your mended  
faiths;

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:

<sup>7</sup> *Module* and *model* were only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype, after which some thing was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype, a *copy*. Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, explains '*model*, the platform, or form of any thing.'

<sup>8</sup> This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as we:  
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal:  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spared,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd<sup>9</sup>;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you  
thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

<sup>9</sup> In crastino S. Lucæ Johannes Rex Angliæ in castro de Newark obiit, et sepultus est in ecclesia Wigorniensis inter corpora S. Oswaldi et sancti [Wolstani] Chronic. sive Annal. Prioratus de Dunstable, edit. a T. Hearne, t. i. p. 173. A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs<sup>10</sup>.—  
 This England never did (nor never shall)  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself.  
 Now these her princes are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,  
 If England to itself do rest but true<sup>11</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>10</sup> 'As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the time in superfluous sorrow.'

<sup>11</sup> This sentiment may have been borrowed from one of the following passages in the old play:—

'Let England live but true within herself,  
 And all the world can never wrong her state.'

Again at the conclusion:—

'If England's peers and people join in one  
 Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong.'

Shakespeare has used it again in *King Henry VI. Part III*:—  
 '— of itself

England is safe, if true within itself.'

Such was also the opinion of the celebrated Duke de Rohan:—  
 'L'Angleterre est un grand animal qui ne peut jamais mourir,  
 s'il ne se tue lui-même.' The sentiment has been traced still  
 higher:—

'O Britaine bloud, marke this at my desire—

If that you sticke together as you ought

This lyttle yle may set the world at nought.'

*A Discourse of Rebellion, by T. Churchyard, 1570, 120.*

Andrew Borde, in his 'Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge,' printed in the reign of Henry VIII. says of the English, 'if they were true wythin themselves they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them.'

THE tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Skakespeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

JOHNSON.

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END OF VOL. IV.







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